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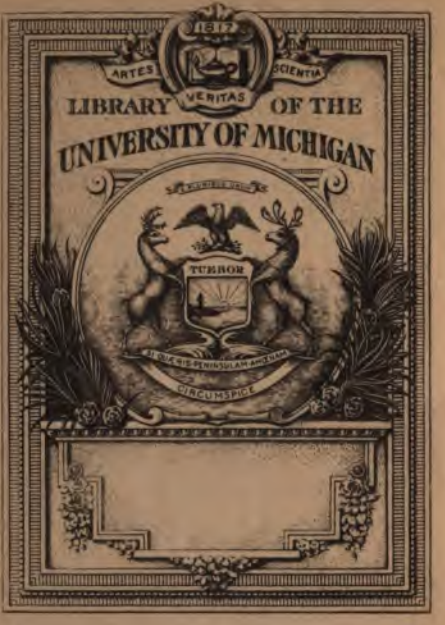

THE GIFT OF

Albert Greene

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

John Dickinson
1786

MILTON.
Barralet Sculp.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

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M DCC LXXIX.

THE POEMS OF MILTON.

VOLUME I.

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Albert Brem
1-15-1935

IN PARADISUM AMISSAM

SUMMI POETÆ

JOHANNIS MILTONI.

QUI legis Amiſſam Paradiſum, grandia magni
Carmina Miltoni, quid niſi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, & cunctarum prin[illegible]dia rerum,
Et fata, & fines continet ille liber.
Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi,
Scribitur & toto quicquid in orbe latet:
Terræque, tractuſque maris, cœlumque profundum,
Sulphureumque Erebi, flammivomumque ſpecus:
Quæque colunt terras, pontumque, & Tartara cæca,
Quæque colunt ſummi lucida regna poli:
Et quodcunque ullis concluſum eſt finibus uſquam,
Et ſine fine Chaos, & ſine fine Deus:
Et ſine fine magis, ſi quid magis eſt ſine fine,
In Chriſto erga homines conciliatus amor.
Hæc qui ſperaret quis crederet eſſe futura?
Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britanna legit.
O quantos in bella duces! quæ protulit arma!
Quæ canit, & quanta prælia dira tuba!
Cœleſtes acies! atque in certamine cœlum!
Et quæ cœleſtes pugna deceret agros!
Quantus in æthereis tollit ſe Lucifer armis!
Atque ipſo graditur vix Michaële minor!
Quantis, & quam funeſtis concurritur iris,
Dum ferus hic ſtellas protegit, ille rapit!

Dum vulſos montes ceu tela reciproca torquent,
Et non mortali deſuper igne pluunt:
Stat dubius cui ſe parti concedat Olympus,
Et metuit pugnæ non ſupereſſe ſuæ.
At ſimul in cœlis Meſſiæ inſignia fulgent,
Et currus animes, armaque digna Deo,
Horrendumque rotæ ſtrident, et ſæva rotarum
Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,
Et flammæ vibrant, & vera tonitrua rauco
Admiſtis flammis inſonuere polo:
Excidit attonitis mens omnis, & impetus omnis,
Et caſſis dextris irrita tela cadunt;
Ad pœnas fugiunt, & ceu foret Orcus aſylum,
Infernis certant condere ſe tenebris.
Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii,
Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus.
Hæc quicunque leget tantùm ceciniſſe putabit
Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

SAMUEL BARROW, M. D.

ON PARADISE LOST.

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In ſlender book his vaſt deſign unfold,
Meſſiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,
Rebelling Angels, the forbidden tree,
Heaven, Hell, Earth, Chaos, all; the argument
Held me a while miſdoubting his intent,
That he would ruin (for I ſaw him ſtrong)
The ſacred truths to fable and old ſong,
(So Sampſon grop'd the temple's poſts in ſpite)
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his ſight.

Yet

Yet as I read, ſtill growing leſs ſevere,
I lik'd his project, the ſucceſs did fear;
Through that wide field how he his way ſhould find,
O'er which lame faith leads underſtanding blind;
Left he perplex'd the things he would explain,
And what was eaſy he ſhould render vain.
Or if a work ſo infinite he ſpann'd,
Jealous I was that ſome leſs ſkilful hand
(Such as diſquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excel)
Might hence preſume the whole creation's day
To change in ſcenes, and ſhow it in a play.
Pardon me, mighty Poet; nor deſpiſe
My cauſeleſs, yet not impious, ſurmiſe.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy labours to pretend a ſhare.
Thou haſt not miſs'd one thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper doſt omit:
So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance or theft.
That majeſty which through thy work doth reign,
Draws the devout, deterring the profane.
And things divine thou treat'ſt of in ſuch ſtate
As them preſerves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us ſeize,
Thou ſing'ſt with ſo much gravity and eaſe;
And above human flight doſt ſoar aloft
With plume ſo ſtrong, ſo equal, and ſo ſoft.
The bird nam'd from that Paradiſe you ſing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.

Where couldſt thou words of ſuch a compaſs find?
Whence furniſh ſuch a vaſt expence of mind?
Juſt Heaven thee, like Tireſias, to requite
Rewards with prophecy thy loſs of ſight.

Well might'ſt thou ſcorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own ſenſe ſecure;
While the town-bays writes all the while and ſpells,
And like a pack-horſe tires without his bells:
Their fancies like our buſhy-points appear,
The poets tag them, we for faſhion wear.
I too, tranſported by the mode, offend,
And while I meant to praiſe thee muſt commend.
Thy verſe created like thy theme ſublime,
Number, weight, and meaſure, needs not rhyme.

ANDREW MARVELL.

To Mr. JOHN MILTON,
On his Poem entitled PARADISE LOST.

O Thou! the wonder of the preſent age,
An age immerſt in luxury and vice;
A race of triflers, who can reliſh naught
But the gay iſſue of an idle brain:
How couldſt thou hope to pleaſe this tinſel race?
Though blind, yet with the penetrating eye
Of intellectual light thou doſt ſurvey
The labyrinth perplex'd of Heaven's decrees;
And with a quill, pluck'd from an angel's wing,
Dipt in the fount that laves th' eternal throne,
Trace the dark paths of providence divine,
"*And juſtify* the ways of God to Man."

THE VERSE.

THE meaſure is Engliſh heroic verſe without rhyme, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; rhyme being no neceſſary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verſe, in longer works eſpecially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to ſet off wretched matter and lame meter; graced indeed ſince by the uſe of ſome famous modern poets, carried away by cuſtom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and conſtraint to expreſs many things otherwiſe, and for the moſt part worſe than elſe they would have expreſſed them. Not without cauſe therefore ſome both Italian and Spaniſh poets of prime note have rejected rhyme both in longer and ſhorter works, as have alſo long ſince our beſt Engliſh tragedies, as a thing of itſelf, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true muſical delight; which conſiſts only in apt numbers, fit quantity of ſyllables, and the ſenſe variouſly drawn out from one verſe into another, not in the jingling ſound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned Ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then

of rhyme ſo little is to be taken for a defect, though it may ſeem ſo perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be eſteemed an example ſet, the firſt in Engliſh, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem, from the troubleſome and modern bondage of rhyming.

THE ARGUMENT.

This firſt Book propoſes, firſt in brief, the whole ſubject, Man's diſobedience, and the loſs thereupon of Paradiſe wherein he was plac'd: Then touches the prime cauſe of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the ſerpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his ſide many legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his crew into the great deep. Which action paſs'd over, the poem haſtes into the midſt of things, preſenting Satan with his Angels now falling into Hell, deſcrib'd here, not in the center (for Heaven and Earth may be ſuppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurs'd) but in a place of utter darkneſs, fitlieſt call'd Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-ſtruck and aſtoniſh'd, after a certain ſpace recovers, as from confuſion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer of their miſerable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the ſame manner confounded: They riſe, their numbers, array of battel, their chief leaders nam'd, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To theſe Satan directs his ſpeech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them laſtly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this viſible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determin thereon, he refers to a full council. What his aſſociates thence attempt. Pandemonium the palace of Satan riſes, ſuddenly built out of the deep: The infernal peers there ſit in council.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

OF Man's firſt diſobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whoſe mortal taſte
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loſs of Eden, till one greater Man
Reſtore us, and regain the bliſsful ſeat,
Sing, heav'nly Muſe, that on the ſecret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didſt inſpire
That ſhepherd, who firſt taught the choſen ſeed,
In the beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Roſe out of Chaos: Or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Faſt by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous ſong,
That with no middle flight intends to ſoar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it purſues
Things unattempted yet in proſe or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spi'rit, that doſt prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Inſtruct me, for Thou know'ſt; Thou from the firſt
Waſt preſent, and with mighty wings outſpread
Dove-like ſatſt brooding on the vaſt abyſs,
And mad'ſt it pregnant: what in me is dark

Illumin, what is low raiſe and ſupport;
That to the height of this great argument
I may aſſert eternal Providence,
And juſtify the ways of God to Men.

Say firſt, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell, ſay firſt what cauſe
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy ſtate,
Favor'd of Heav'n ſo highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and tranſgreſs his will
For one reſtraint, lords of the world beſides?
Who firſt ſeduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whoſe guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had caſt him out from Heav'n, with all his hoſt
Of rebel Angels, by whoſe aid aſpiring
To ſet himſelf in glory' above his peers,
He truſted to have equal'd the moſt High,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Againſt the throne and monarchy of God
Rais'd impious war in Heav'n and battel proud
With vain attempt. Him the almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal ſky,
With hideous ruin and combuſtion, down
To bottomleſs perdition, there to dwell
In adamantin chains and penal fire,
Who durſt defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the ſpace that meaſures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquiſh'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,

Confounded

Confounded though immortal: But his doom
Reſerv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of loſt happineſs and laſting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witneſs'd huge affliction and diſmay
Mix'd with obdurate pride and ſtedfaſt hate:
At once, as far as Angels ken, he views
The diſmal ſituation waſte and wild;
A dungeon horrible on all ſides round
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from thoſe flames
No light, but rather darkneſs viſible
Serv'd only to diſcover ſights of woe,
Regions of ſorrow, doleful ſhades, where peace
And reſt can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning ſulphur unconſum'd:
Such place eternal Juſtice had prepar'd
For thoſe rebellious, here their priſ'on ordain'd
In utter darkneſs, and their portion ſet
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n,
As from the center thrice to th' utmoſt pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempeſtuous fire,
He ſoon diſcerns, and welt'ring by his ſide
One next himſelf in pow'r, and next in crime,
Long after known in Paleſtine, and nam'd
Beëlzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words

Breaking the horrid ſilence thus began.

If thou beeſt he; but O how fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy realms of light
Cloth'd with tranſcendent brightneſs didſt outſhine
Myriads though bright! If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counſels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterpriſe,
Join'd with me once, now miſery hath join'd
In equal ru'in: into what pit thou ſeeſt
From what highth fall'n, ſo much the ſtronger prov'd
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of thoſe dire arms? yet not for thoſe,
Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can elſe inflict, do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward luſtre, that fix'd mind,
And high diſdain from ſenſe of injur'd merit,
That with the Mightieſt rais'd me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd,
That durſt diſlike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmoſt pow'r with adverſe pow'r oppos'd
In dubious battel on the plains of Heaven,
And ſhook his throne. What though the field be loſt?
All is not loſt; th' unconquerable will,
And ſtudy of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to ſubmit or yield,
And what is elſe not to be overcome;
That glory never ſhall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and ſue for grace
With ſuppliant knee, and deify his power,

Who

Who from the terror of this arm ſo late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and ſhame beneath
This downfall; ſince by fate the ſtrength of Gods
And this empyreal ſubſtance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event
In arms not worſe, in foreſight much advanc'd,
We may with more ſucceſsful hope reſolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcileable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' exceſs of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven.

So ſpake th' apoſtate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep deſpair:
And him thus anſwer'd ſoon his bold compeer.

O Prince, O Chief of many throned Powers,
That led th' imbattel'd Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearleſs, indanger'd Heav'n's perpetual king,
And put to proof his high ſupremacy,
Whether upheld by ſtrength, or chance, or fate;
Too well I ſee and rue the dire event,
That with ſad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath loſt us Heav'n, and all this mighty hoſt
In horrible deſtruction laid thus low,
As far as Gods and heav'nly eſſences
Can periſh: for the mind and ſpi'rit remains
Invincible, and vigor ſoon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy ſtate
Here ſwallow'd up in endleſs miſery.

But

But what if he our conqu'ror (whom I now
Of force believe almighty, ſince no leſs
Than ſuch could have o'er-pow'r'd ſuch force as ours)
Have left us this our ſpi'rit and ſtrength entire
Strongly to ſuffer and ſupport our pains,
That we may ſo ſuffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier ſervice as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his buſineſs be,
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminiſh'd, or eternal being
To undergo eternal puniſhment?
Whereto with ſpeedy words th' Arch-Fiend reply'd.
Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miſerable
Doing or ſuffering: but of this be ſure,
To do ought good never will be our taſk,
But ever to do ill our ſole delight,
As be'ing the contrary to his high will
Whom we reſiſt. If then his providence
Out of our evil ſeek to bring forth good,
Our labor muſt be to pervert that end,
And out of good ſtill to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may ſucceed, ſo as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and diſturb
His inmoſt counſels from their deſtin'd aim.
But ſee the angry victor hath recall'd
His miniſters of vengeance and purſuit
Back to the gates of Heav'n: the ſulphurous hail
Shot after us in ſtorm, o'erblown hath laid

The

The fiery ſurge, that from the precipice
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath ſpent his ſhafts, and ceaſes now
To bellow through the vaſt and boundleſs deep.
Let us not ſlip th' occaſion, whether ſcorn,
Or ſatiate fury yield it from our foe.
Seeſt thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The ſeat of deſolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of theſe livid flames
Caſts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the toſſing of theſe fiery waves,
There reſt, if any reſt can harbour there,
And re-aſſembling our afflicted Powers,
Conſult how we may henceforth moſt offend
Our enemy, our own loſs how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not what reſolution from deſpair.

Thus Satan talking to his neareſt mate
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That ſparkling blaz'd, his other parts beſides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large
Lay floting many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monſtrous ſize,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarſus held, or that ſea-beaſt
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugeſt that ſwim th' ocean ſtream:

Him

Him haply ſlumb'ring on the Norway foam
The pilot of ſome ſmall night-founder'd ſkiff
Deeming ſome iland, oft, as ſea-men tell,
With fixed anchor in his ſkaly rind
Moors by his ſide under the lee, while night
Inveſts the ſea, and wiſhed morn delays:
So ſtretch'd out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permiſſion of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark deſigns,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himſelf damnation, while he ſought
Evil to others, and enrag'd might ſee
How all his malice ſerv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodneſs, grace and mercy ſhown
On Man by him ſeduc'd, but on himſelf
Treble confuſion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty ſtature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward ſlope their pointing ſpires, and ro
In billows, leave i'th' midſt a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he ſteers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the duſky air
That felt unuſual weight, till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With ſolid, as the lake with liquid fire;
And ſuch appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of ſubterranean wind tranſports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the ſhatter'd ſide

Of thund'ring Ætna, whoſe combuſtible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a ſinged bottom all involv'd
With ſtench and ſmoke: Such reſting found the ſole
Of unbleſt feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
Both glorying to have 'ſcap'd the Stygian flood
As Gods, and by their own recover'd ſtrength,
Not by the ſufferance of ſupernal Power.

Is this the region, this the ſoil, the clime,
Said then the loſt Arch-Angel, this the ſeat
That we muſt change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
For that celeſtial light? Be' it ſo, ſince he
Who now is Sovran can diſpoſe and bid
What ſhall be right: fartheſt from him is beſt,
Whom reas'on hath equal'd, force hath made ſupreme
Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundeſt Hell
Receive thy new poſſeſſor; one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itſelf
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
What matter where, if I be ſtill the ſame,
And what I ſhould be, all but leſs than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at leaſt
We ſhall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign ſecure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:

Better

Better to reign in Hell, than ſerve in Heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' aſſociates and copartners of our loſs,
Lie thus aſtoniſh'd on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to ſhare with us their part
In this unhappy manſion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in Heav'n, or what more loſt in Hell?
So Satan ſpake, and him Beëlzebub
Thus anſwer'd. Leader of thoſe armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their livelieſt pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard ſo oft
In worſt extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battel when it rag'd, in all aſſaults
Their fureſt ſignal, they will ſoon reſume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Groveling and proſtrate on yon lake of fire,
As we ere while, aſtounded and amaz'd,
No wonder, fall'n ſuch a pernicious highth.
He ſcarce had ceas'd when the ſuperior Fiend
Was moving tow'ard the ſhore; his pond'rous ſhield,
Ethereal temper, maſſy, large and round,
Behind him caſt; the broad circumference
Hung on his ſhoulders like the moon, whoſe orb
Through optic glaſs the Tuſcan artiſt views
At evening from the top of Feſolé,
Or in Valdarno, to deſcry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her ſpotty globe.
His ſpear, to equal which the talleſt pine

Hewn

Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the maſt
Of ſome great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to ſupport uneaſy ſteps
Over the burning marle, not like thoſe ſteps
On Heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him ſore beſides, vaulted with fire;
Nathleſs he ſo indur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflamed ſea he ſtood, and call'd
His legions, Angel forms, who lay intranc'd
Thick as autumnal leaves that ſtrow the brooks
In Vallombroſa, where th' Etrurian ſhades
High over-arch'd imbow'r; or ſcatter'd ſedge
Aſlote, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coaſt, whoſe waves o'erthrew
Buſiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they purſued
The ſojourners of Goſhen, who beheld
From the ſafe ſhore their floting carcaſes
And broken chariot wheels: ſo thick beſtrown
Abject and loſt lay theſe, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd ſo loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell reſounded. Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flow'r of Heav'n, once your's, now loſt,
If ſuch aſtoniſhment as this can ſeiſe
Eternal Spi'rits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of battel to repoſe
Your wearied virtue, for the eaſe you find
To ſlumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject poſture *have ye ſworn*

To

To' adore the conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With ſcatter'd arms and enſigns, till anon
His ſwift purſuers from Heav'n gates diſcern
Th' advantage, and deſcending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, ariſe, or be for ever fall'n.

They heard, and were abaſh'd, and up they ſpr
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, ſleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouſe and beſtir themſelves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their general's voice they ſoon obey'd
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's ſon, in Egypt's evil day,
Wav'd round the coaſt, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locuſts, warping on the eaſtern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberleſs were thoſe bad Angels ſeen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell
'Twixt upper, nether, and ſurrounding fires;
Till, as a ſignal giv'n, th' up-lifted ſpear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their courſe, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimſtone, and fill all the plain;
A multitude, like which the populous north
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to paſs

Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous ſons
Came like a deluge on the ſouth, and ſpread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan ſands.
Forthwith from every ſquadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haſte where ſtood
Their great commander; Godlike ſhapes and forms
Excelling human, princely Dignities,
And Pow'rs that erſt in Heaven ſat on thrones;
Though of their names in heav'nly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the ſons of Eve
Got them new names, till wand'ring o'er the earth,
Through God's high ſufferance for the tri'al of man,
By falſities and lies the greateſt part
Of mankind they corrupted to forſake
God their Creator, and th' inviſible
Glory of him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the Heathen world.
Say, Muſe, their names then known, who firſt, who laſt,
Rous'd from the ſlumber, on that fiery couch,
At their great emp'ror's call, as next in worth
Came ſingly where he ſtood on the bare ſtrand,
While the promiſcuous croud ſtood yet aloof.
The chief were thoſe who from the pit of Hell
Roaming to ſeek their prey on earth, durſt fix

Their feats long after next the ſeat of God,
Their altars by his altar, Gods ador'd
Among the nations round, and durſt abide
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within his ſanctuary itſelf their ſhrines,
Abominations; and with curſed things
His holy rites and ſolemn feaſts profan'd,
And with their darkneſs durſt affront his light.
Firſt Moloch, horrid king, beſmear'd with blood
Of human ſacrifice, and parents tears,
Though for the noiſe of drums and timbrels loud
Their childrens cries unheard, that paſs'd through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worſhipt in Rabba and her watry plain,
In Argob and in Baſan, to the ſtream
Of utmoſt Arnon. Nor content with ſuch
Audacious neighbourhood, the wiſeſt heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right againſt the temple' of God
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleaſant valley' of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell.
Next Chemos, th' obſcene dread of Moab's ſons,
From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild
Of ſouthmoſt Abarim; in Heſebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flow'ry dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Eleälé to the Aſphaltic pool.
Peor his other name, when he entic'd

Iſrael

Iſrael in Sittim on their march from Nile
To do him wanton rites, which coſt them woe.
Yet thence his luſtful orgies he inlarg'd
Ev'n to that hill of ſcandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide, luſt hard by hate;
Till good Joſiah drove them thence to Hell.
With theſe came they, who from the bord'ring flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baälim and Aſhtaroth, thoſe male,
Theſe feminine. For Spirits when they pleaſe
Can either ſex aſſume, or both; ſo ſoft
And uncompounded is their eſſence pure,
Not ty'd or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle ſtrength of bones,
Like cumbrous fleſh; but in what ſhape they chooſe
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obſcure,
Can execute their aery purpoſes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For thoſe the race of Iſrael oft forſook
Their living ſtrength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To beſtial Gods; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in battel, ſunk before the ſpear
Of deſpicable foes. With theſe in troop
Came Aſtoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Aſtarte, queen of Heav'n, with creſcent horns;
To whoſe bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and ſongs,
In Sion alſo not unſung, where ſtood

Her temple on th' offenſive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whoſe heart though large,
Beguil'd by fair idolatreſſes, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whoſe annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damſels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a ſummer's day,
While ſmooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the ſea, ſuppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whoſe wanton paſſions in the ſacred porch
Ezekiel ſaw, when by the viſion led
His eye ſurvey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earneſt, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunſel edge,
Where he fell flat, and ſham'd his worſhipers:
Dagon his name, ſea monſter, upward man
And downward fiſh: yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coaſt
Of Paleſtine, in Gath and Aſcalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whoſe delightful ſeat
Was fair Damaſcus, on the fertil banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid ſtreams.
He alſo' againſt the houſe of God was bold:
A leper once he loſt, and gain'd a king,
Ahaz his ſottiſh conqu'ror, whom he drew

l's altar to disparage and displace
one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
odious offerings, and adore the Gods
om he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
rew who under names of old renown,
is, Isis, Orus, and their train,
h monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd
ttic Egypt and her priests, to seek
ir wand'ring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms
ver than human. Nor did Israel 'scape
infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
bled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
ning his Maker to the grazed ox,
ah, who in one night when he pass'd
Egypt marching, equal'd with one stroke
her first-born and all her bleating Gods.
l came last, than whom a Spi'rit more lewd
ot from Heaven, or more gross to love
for itself: to him no temple stood
tar smok'd; yet who more oft than he
nples and at altars, when the priest
s atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd
lust and violence the house of God?
urts and palaces he also reigns
in luxurious cities, where the noise
ot ascends above their loftiest towers,
njury and outrage: and when night
ns the streets, then wander forth the sons
lial, flown with insolence and wine.

Witneſs the ſtreets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hoſpitable door
Expos'd a matron to avoid worſe rape.
Theſe were the prime in order and in might;
The reſt were long to tell, though far renown'd:
Th' Ionian Gods, of Javan's iſſue held
Gods, yet confeſs'd later than Heav'n and Earth,
Their boaſted parents: Titan Heav'n's firſt-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright ſeis'd
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove
His own and Rhea's ſon like meaſure found;
So Jove uſurping reign'd: theſe firſt in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the ſnowy top
Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air,
Their higheſt Heav'n; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th' Heſperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmoſt iles.

All theſe and more came flocking; but with looks
Down caſt and damp, yet ſuch wherein appear'd
Obſcure ſome glimpſe of joy, to' have found their chief
Not in deſpair, to' have found themſelves not loſt
In loſs itſelf; which on his count'nance caſt
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth not ſubſtance, gently rais'd
Their fainting courage, and diſpell'd their fears.
Then ſtrait commands that at the warlike ſound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd

His

His mighty ſtandard: that proud honor claim'd
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering ſtaff unfurl'd
Th' imperial enſign, which full high advanc'd
Shone like a meteor ſtreaming to the wind,
With gems and golden luſtre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial ſounds:
At which the univerſal hoſt up ſent
A ſhout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were ſeen
Ten thouſand banners riſe into the air
With orient colors waving: with them roſe
A foreſt huge of ſpears; and throngings helms
Appear'd, and ſerried ſhields in thick array
Of depth immeaſurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and ſoft recorder; ſuch as raiſ'd
To highth of nobleſt temper heroes old
Arming to battel, and inſtead of rage
Deliberate valor breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting pow'r to mitigate and ſwage
With ſolemn touches troubled thoughts, and chaſe
Anguiſh and doubt and fear and ſorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force with fixed thought
Mov'd on in ſilence to ſoft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful ſteps o'er the burnt ſoil; and now

Advanc'd in view they ſtand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazling arms, in guiſe
Of warriors old with order'd ſpear and ſhield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impoſe: He through the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and ſoon traverſe
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their viſages and ſtature as of Gods:
Their number laſt he ſums. And now his heart
Diſtends with pride, and hard'ning in his ſtrength
Glories: for never ſince created man
Met ſuch imbodied force, as nam'd with theſe
Could merit more than that ſmall infantry
Warr'd-on by cranes; though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each ſide
Mix'd with auxiliar Gods; and what reſounds
In fable or romance of Uther's ſon
Begirt with Britiſh and Armoric knights;
And all who ſince, baptiz'd or infidel,
Jouſted in Aſpramont or Montalban,
Damaſco, or Marocco, or Trebiſond,
Or whom Biſerta ſent from Afric ſhore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far theſe beyond
Compare of mortal proweſs, yet obſerv'd
Their dread commander: he above the reſt
In ſhape and geſture proudly eminent
Stood like a tow'r; his form had yet not loſt
All her original brightneſs, nor appear'd

Leſs

Leſs than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' exceſs
Of glory' obſcur'd; as when the ſun new riſen
Looks through the horizontal miſty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon
In dim eclipſe diſaſtrous twilight ſheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd ſo, yet ſhone
Above them all th' Arch-Angel: but his face
Deep ſcars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntleſs courage, and conſiderate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but caſt
Signs of remorſe and paſſion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliſs) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc'd
Of Heav'n, and from eternal ſplendors flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they ſtood,
Their glory withier'd: as when Heaven's fire
Hath ſcath'd the foreſt oaks, or mountain pines,
With ſinged top their ſtately growth though bare
Stands on the blaſted heath. He now prepar'd
To ſpeak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half incloſe him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he aſſay'd, and thrice in ſpite of ſcorn
Tears, ſuch as Angels weep, burſt forth: at laſt
Words interwove with ſighs found out their way.
O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers
Matchleſs,

Matchleſs, but with th' Almighty, and that ſtrife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
As this place teſtifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter: but what pow'r of mind
Foreſeeing or preſaging, from the depth
Of knowledge paſt or preſent, could have fear'd,
How ſuch united force of Gods, how ſuch
As ſtood like theſe, could ever know repulſe?
For who can yet believe, though after loſs,
That all theſe puiſſant legions, whoſe exile
Hath emptied Heav'n, ſhall fail to re-aſcend
Self-rais'd, and repoſſeſs their native ſeat?
For me be witneſs all the hoſt of Heaven,
If counſels different, or danger ſhunn'd
By me, have loſt our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one ſecure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Conſent or cuſtom, and his regal ſtate
Put forth at full, but ſtill his ſtrength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok'd; our better part remains
To work in cloſe deſign, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not: that he no leſs
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof ſo rife
There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant

A ge-

A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favor equal to the sons of Heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor the abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature: Peace is despair'd,
For who can think submission? War then, War
Open or understood must be resolv'd.

He spake: and to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell: highly they rag'd
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
A numerous brigad hasten'd: as when bands
Of pioneers with spade and pickax arm'd
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From Heav'n, for ev'n in Heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,

Than

Than ought divine or holy elſe enjoy'd
In viſion beatific: by him firſt
Men alſo, and by his ſuggeſtion taught,
Ranſack'd the center, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treaſures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a ſpacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell; that ſoil may beſt
Deſerve the precious bane. And here let thoſe
Who boaſt in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greateſt monuments of fame,
And ſtrength, and art, are eaſily out-done
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with inceſſant toil
And hands innumerable ſcarce perform.
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc'd from the lake, a ſecond multitude
With wond'rous art founded the maſſy ore,
Severing each kind, and ſcumm'd the bullion droſs:
A third as ſoon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By ſtrange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
As in an organ from one blaſt of wind
To many a row of pipes the ſound-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Roſe like an exhalation, with the ſound
Of dulcet ſymphonies and voices ſweet,

Built like a temple, where pilaſters round
Were ſet, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or freeze, with boſſy ſculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo ſuch magnificence
Equal'd in all their glories, to inſhrine
Belus or Serapis their Gods, or ſeat
Their kings, when Egypt with Aſſyria ſtrove
In wealth and luxury. Th' aſcending pile
Stood fix'd her ſtately highth, and ſtrait the doors
Opening their braſen folds diſcover wide
Within, her ample ſpaces, o'er the ſmooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof
Pendent by ſubtle magic many a row
Of ſtarry lamps and blazing creſſets fed
With Naphtha and Aſphaltus yielded light
As from a ſky. The haſty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work ſome praiſe,
And ſome the architect: his hand was known
In Heav'n by many a tow'red ſtructure high,
Where ſcepter'd Angels held their reſidence,
And ſat as princes, whom the ſupreme King
Exalted to ſuch pow'r, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient Greece; and in Auſonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From Heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the cryſtal battlements; from morn

To

To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A ſummer's day; and with the ſetting ſun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling ſtar,
On Lemnos th' Æ'gean ile: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor ought avail'd him now
T'have built in Heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he 'ſcape
By all his engins, but was headlong ſent
With his induſtrious crew to build in Hell.
Mean while the winged heralds by command
Of ſovran pow'r, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's ſound, throughout the hoſt proclame
A ſolemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their ſummons call'd
From every band and ſquared regiment
By place or choice the worthieſt; they anon
With hundreds and with thouſands trooping came
Attended: all acceſs was throng'd, the gates
And porches wide, but chief the ſpacious hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
Defy'd the beſt of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance)
Thick ſwarm'd, both on the ground and in the air
Bruſh'd with the hiſs of ruſling winds. As bees
In ſpring time, when the ſun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In cluſters; they among freſh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the ſmoothed plank,

The

ſuburb of their ſtraw-built citadel,
r rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
ir ſtate affairs. So thick the aery croud
rm'd and were ſtraiten'd; till, the ſignal given,
ɔld a wonder! they but now who ſeem'd
igneſs to ſurpaſs earth's giant ſons,
r leſs than ſmalleſt dwarfs, in narrow room
ong numberleſs, like that pygmean race
ɔnd the Indian mount, or faery elves,
ɔſe midnight revels by a foreſt ſide
ountain ſome belated peaſant ſees,
reams he ſees, while over-head the moon
arbitreſs, and nearer to the earth
ɛels her pale courſe, they on their mirth and dance
nt, with jocund muſic charm his ear;
ɔnce with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
s incorporeal Spi'rits to ſmalleſt forms
ɪc'd their ſhapes immenſe, and were at large,
ugh without number ſtill amidſt the hall
hat infernal court. But far within,
in their own dimenſions like themſelves,
great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
oſe receſs and ſecret conclave ſat
ouſand Demi-gods on golden ſeats,
uent and full. After ſhort ſilence then
ſummons read, the great conſult began.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

The conſultation begun, Satan debates whether another battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: Some adviſe it, others diſſuade: A third propoſal is preferr'd, mention'd before by Satan, to ſearch the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferior to themſelves, about this time to be created: Their doubt who ſhall be ſent on this difficult ſearch: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honor'd and applauded. The council thus ended, the reſt betake them ſeveral ways, and to ſeveral employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He paſſes on his journey to Hell gates, finds them ſhut, and who ſate there to guard them, by whom at length they are open'd, and diſcover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he paſſes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the ſight of this new world which he ſought.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

HIGH on a throne of royal ſtate, which far
Outſhone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous eaſt with richeſt hand
Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted ſat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence; and from deſpair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aſpires
Beyond thus high, inſatiate to purſue
Vain war with Heav'n, and by ſucceſs untaught
His proud imaginations thus diſplay'd.

Pow'rs and Dominions, Deities of Heaven,
For ſince no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppreſs'd and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for loſt. From this deſcent
Celeſtial virtues riſing, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themſelves to fear no ſecond fate.
Me though juſt right, and the fix'd laws of Heaven
Did firſt create your leader, next free choice,
With what beſides, in counſel or in fight,
Hath been atchiev'd of merit, yet this loſs
Thus far at leaſt recover'd, hath much more
Eſtabliſh'd in a ſafe unenvied throne,

Yielded with full conſent. The happier ſtate
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the higheſt place expoſes
Foremoſt to ſtand againſt the Thund'rer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greateſt ſhare
Of endleſs pain? where there is then no good
For which to ſtrive, no ſtrife can grow up there
From faction; for none ſure will clame in Hell
Precedence, none, whoſe portion is ſo ſmall
Of preſent pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heav'n, we now return
To clame our juſt inheritance of old,
Surer to proſper than proſperity
Could have aſſur'd us; and by what beſt way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can adviſe, may ſpeak.
He ceas'd, and next him Moloch, ſcepter'd king,
Stood up, the ſtrongeſt and the fierceſt Spirit
That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by deſpair:
His truſt was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in ſtrength, and rather than be leſs
Car'd not to be at all; with that care loſt
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worſe
He reck'd not, and theſe words thereafter ſpake.
My ſentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boaſt not: them let thoſe
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.

For

For while they ſit contriving, ſhall the reſt,
Millions that ſtand in arms, and longing wait
The ſignal to aſcend, ſit ling'ring here
Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of ſhame,
The priſon of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? no, let us rather chooſe,
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs to force reſiſtleſs way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Againſt the torturer; when to meet the noiſe
Of his almighty engin he ſhall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning ſee
Black fire and horror ſhot with equal rage
Among his Angels, and his throne itſelf
Mix'd with Tartarean ſulphur, and ſtrange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way ſeems difficult and ſteep to ſcale
With upright wing againſt a higher foe.
Let ſuch bethink them, if the ſleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumm not ſtill,
That in our proper motion we aſcend
Up to our native ſeat: deſcent and fall
To us is adverſe. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Inſulting, and purſued us through the deep,
With what compulſion and laborious flight
We ſunk thus low? Th' aſcent is eaſy then;
Th' event is fear'd; ſhould we again provoke
Our ſtronger, ſome worſe way his wrath may find

To our deſtruction; if there be in Hell
Fear to be worſe deſtroy'd: what can be worſe
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliſs, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguiſhable fire
Muſt exerciſe us without hope of end
The vaſſals of his anger, when the ſcourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More deſtroy'd than thus
We ſhould be quite aboliſh'd and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incenſe
His utmoſt ire? which to the highth enrag'd,
Will either quite conſume us, and reduce
To nothing this eſſential, happier far
Than miſerable to have eternal being:
Or if our ſubſtance be indeed divine,
And cannot ceaſe to be, we are at worſt
On this ſide nothing; and by proof we feel
Our pow'r ſufficient to diſturb his Heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inacceſſible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.
He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Deſp'rate revenge, and battel dangerous
To leſs than Gods. On th' other ſide up roſe
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer perſon loſt not Heav'n; he ſeem'd
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all was falſe and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt Manna, and could make the worſe appear

The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began.
I should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success:
When he who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? the tow'rs of Heav'n are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable; oft on the bord'ring deep
Incamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heav'n's purest light, yet our great enemy
All incorruptible would on his throne
Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat despair: *we must exasperate*

Th' almighty victor to ſpend all his rage,
And that muſt end us, that muſt be our cure,
To be no more; ſad cure; for who would loſe,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Thoſe thoughts that wander through eternity,
To periſh rather, ſwallow'd up and loſt
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of ſenſe and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is ſure.
Will he, ſo wiſe, let looſe at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wiſh, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger ſaves
To puniſh endleſs? Wherefore ceaſe we then?
Say they who counſel war, we are decreed,
Reſerv'd, and deſtin'd to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we ſuffer more,
What can we ſuffer worſe? Is this then worſt,
Thus ſitting, thus conſulting, thus in arms?
What when we fled amain, purſued and ſtruck
With Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and beſought
The deep to ſhelter us? this Hell then ſeem'd
A refuge from thoſe wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that ſure was worſe.
What if the breath that kindled thoſe grim fires,
Awak'd ſhould blow them into ſev'nfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again

His

His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her ſtores were open'd, and this firmament
Of Hell ſhould ſpout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatning hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Deſigning or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempeſt ſhall be hurl'd
Each on his rock tranſfix'd, the ſport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds, or for ever ſunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converſe with everlaſting groans,
Unreſpited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,
Ages of hopeleſs end? this would be worſe.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice diſſuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whoſe eye
Views all things at one view? he from Heav'n's highth
All theſe our motions vain ſees and derides;
Not more almighty to reſiſt our might
Than wiſe to fruſtrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heaven
Thus trampled, thus expell'd to ſuffer here
Chains and theſe torments? better theſe than worſe
By my advice; ſince fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The victor's will. To ſuffer, as to do,
Our ſtrength is equal, nor the law unjuſt
That ſo ordains: this was at firſt reſolv'd,
If we were wiſe, againſt ſo great a foe
Contending, and ſo doubtful what might fall.

I laugh,

I laugh, when thoſe who at the ſpear are bold
And ventrous, if that fail them, ſhrink and fear
What yet they know muſt follow, to indure
Exile, or ignominy', or bonds, or pain,
The ſentence of their conqu'ror: this is now
Our doom; which if we can ſuſtain and bear,
Our ſupreme foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd
Not mind us not offending, ſatisfy'd
With what is puniſh'd; whence theſe raging fires
Will ſlacken, if his breath ſtir not their flames.
Our purer eſſence then will overcome
Their noxious vapor, or inur'd not feel,
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkneſs light,
Beſides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting, ſince our preſent lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worſt,
If we procure not to ourſelves more woe.
Thus Belial with words cloth'd in reaſon's garb
Counſel'd ignoble eaſe, and peaceful ſloth,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon ſpake.
Either to diſinthrone the king of Heaven
We war, if war be beſt, or to regain
Our own right loſt: him to unthrone we then,
May hope, when everlaſting Fate ſhall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the ſtrife:

The

The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within Heav'n's bound, unless Heav'n's Lord supreme
We overpow'r? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forc'd Hallelujah's; while he lordly sits
Our envied sovran, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosp'rous of adverse
We can create, and in what place so e'er
Thrive under ev'il, and work ease out of pain
Through labor and indurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst

Think

Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire
Chooſe to reſide, his glory unobſcur'd,
And with the majeſty of darkneſs round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Muſt'ring their rage, and Heav'n reſembles Hell?
As he our darkneſs, cannot we his light
Imitate when we pleaſe? This deſert ſoil
Wants not her hidden luſtre, gems and gold;
Nor want we ſkill or art, from whence to raiſe
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n ſhow more?
Our torments alſo may in length of time
Become our elements, theſe piercing fires
As ſoft as now ſevere, our temper chang'd
Into their temper; which muſt needs remove
The ſenſible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counſels, and the ſettled ſtate
Of order, how in ſafety beſt we may
Compoſe our preſent evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, diſmiſſing quite
All thoughts of war: ye have what I adviſe.
He ſcarce had finiſh'd, when ſuch murmur fill'd
Th' aſſembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The ſound of bluſt'ring winds, which all night long
Had rous'd the ſea, now with hoarſe cadence lull
Sea-fearing men o'er-watch'd, whoſe bark by chance
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempeſt: Such applauſe was heard
As Mammon ended, and his ſentence pleas'd,
Adviſing peace: for ſuch another field
They dreaded worſe than Hell: ſo much the fear

Of

Of thunder and the ſword of Michaël
Wrought ſtill within them; and no leſs deſire
To found this nether empire, which might riſe
By policy, and long proceſs of time,
In emulation oppoſite to Heaven.
Which when Beëlzebub perceiv'd, than whom,
Satan except, none higher ſat, with grave
Aſpect he roſe, and in his riſing ſeem'd
A pillar of ſtate; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation ſat and public care;
And princely counſel in his face yet ſhone,
Majeſtic though in ruin: ſage he ſtood
With Atlantéan ſhoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightieſt monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention ſtill as night
Or ſummer's noon-tide air, while thus he ſpake.

Thrones and Imperial Pow'rs, Offspring of Heaven,
Ethereal Virtues; or theſe titles now
Muſt we renounce, and changing ſtile be call'd
Princes of Hell? for ſo the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue', and build up here
A growing empire; doubtleſs; while we dream,
And know not that the king of Heav'n hath doom'd
This place our dungeon, not our ſafe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heav'n's high juriſdiction, in new league
Banded againſt his throne, but to remain
In ſtricteſt bondage, though thus far remov'd
Under th' inevitable curb, reſerv'd
His captive multitude; for he, be ſure,

In highth or depth, ſtill firſt and laſt will reign
Sole king, and of his kingdom loſe no part
By our revolt, but over Hell extend
His empire, and with iron ſcepter rule
Us here, as with his golden thoſe in Heaven.
What ſit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loſs
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchſaf'd or ſought; for what peace will be given
To us inſlav'd, but cuſtody ſevere,
And ſtripes, and arbitrary puniſhment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But to our pow'r hoſtility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though ſlow,
Yet ever plotting how the conqu'ror leaſt
May reap his conqueſt, and may leaſt rejoice
In doing what we moſt in ſuffering feel?
Nor will occaſion want, nor ſhall we need
With dang'rous expedition to invade
Heav'n, whoſe high walls fear no aſſault or ſiege,
Or ambuſh from the deep. What if we find
Some eaſier enterpriſe? There is a place,
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
Err not) another world, the happy ſeat
Of ſome new race call'd Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though leſs
In pow'r and excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above; ſo was his will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an oath,
That ſhook Heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.

Thither

Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mold,
Or ſubſtance, how indued, and what their power,
And where their weakneſs, how attempted beſt,
By force or ſubtlety. Though Heav'n be ſhut,
And Heaven's high arbitrator ſit ſecure
In his own ſtrength, this place may lie expos'd,
The utmoſt border of his kingdom, left
To their defenſe who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achiev'd
By ſudden onſet, either with Hell fire
To waſte his whole creation, or poſſeſs
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny habitants, or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would ſurpaſs
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confuſion, and our joy upraiſe
In his diſturbance; when his darling ſons,
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, ſhall curſe
Their frail original, and faded bliſs,
Faded ſo ſoon. Adviſe if this be worth
Attempting, or to ſit in darkneſs here
Hatching vain empires. Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his deviliſh counſel, firſt devis'd
By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could ſpring
So deep a malice to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell

To

To mingle and involve, done all to ſpite
The great Creator? But their ſpite ſtill ſerves
His glory to augment. The bold deſign
Pleas'd highly thoſe infernal States, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full aſſent
They vote: whereat his ſpeech he thus renews.
Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,
Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,
Great things reſolv'd, which from the loweſt deep,
Will once more lift us up, in ſpite of fate,
Nearer our ancient ſeat; perhaps in view
Of thoſe bright confines, whence with neighb'ring arms
And opportune excurſion we may chance
Re-enter Heav'n; or elſe in ſome mild zone
Dwell not unviſited of Heav'n's fair light
Secure, and at the brightning orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the ſoft delicious air,
To heal the ſcar of theſe corroſive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But firſt whom ſhall we ſend
In ſearch of this new world? whom ſhall we find
Sufficient? who ſhall tempt with wand'ring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyſs,
And through the palpable obſcure find out
His uncouth way, or ſpread his aery flight
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vaſt abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy ile? what ſtrength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evaſion bear him ſafe
Through the ſtrict ſenteries rd ſtations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need

All

All circumſpection, and we now no leſs
Choice in our ſuffrage; for on whom we ſend,
The weight of all and our laſt hope relies.
This ſaid, he ſat; and expectation held
His look ſuſpenſe, awaiting who appear'd
To ſecond, or oppoſe, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all ſat mute,
Pond'ring the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In others count'nance read his own diſmay
Aſtoniſh'd: none among the choice and prime
Of thoſe Heav'n-warring champions could be found
So hardy as to proffer or accept
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at laſt
Satan, whom now tranſcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride
Conſcious of higheſt worth, unmov'd thus ſpake.
O Progeny of Heav'n, empyreal Thrones,
With reaſon hath deep ſilence and demur
Seis'd us, though undiſmay'd: long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;
Our priſon ſtrong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
Barr'd over us prohibit all egreſs.
Theſe paſs'd, if any paſs, the void profound
Of uneſſential Night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loſs of being
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If thence he ſcape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him leſs

Than unknown dangers, and as hard eſcape?
But I ſhould ill become this throne, O Peers,
And this imperial ſovranty, adorn'd
With ſplendor, arm'd with power, if ought propos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the ſhape
Of difficulty or danger could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do' I aſſume
Theſe royalties, and not refuſe to reign,
Refuſing to accept as great a ſhare
Of hazard as of honor, due alike
To him who reigns, and ſo much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the reſt
High honor'd ſits? Go therefore, mighty Powers,
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
While here ſhall be our home, what beſt may eaſe
The preſent miſery, and render Hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To reſpite, or deceive, or ſlack the pain
Of this ill manſion: intermit no watch
Againſt a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coaſts of dark deſtruction ſeek
Deliverance for us all: this enterpriſe
None ſhall partake with me. Thus ſaying roſe
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent, leſt from his reſolution rais'd
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erſt they fear'd;
And ſo refus'd might in opinion ſtand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge muſt earn. But they,

Dreaded

Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they roſe;
Their riſing all at once was as the ſound
Of thunder heard remote. Tow'ards him they bend.
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extol him equal to the Hig'heſt in Heav'n:
Nor fail'd they to expreſs how much they prais'd,
That for the general ſafety he deſpis'd
His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd
Loſe all their virtue; left bad men ſhould boaſt
Their ſpecious deeds on earth, which glory' excites,
Or cloſe ambition varniſh'd o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful conſultations dark
Ended rejoicing in their matchleſs chief:
As when from mountain tops the duſky clouds
Aſcending, while the north-wind ſleeps, o'er-ſpread
Heav'n's chearful face, the louring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landſkip ſnow, or ſhower;
If chance the radiant ſun with farewel ſweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Atteſt their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O ſhame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only diſagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heav'nly grace: and God proclaming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and ſtrife
Among themſelves, and levy cruel wars,
Waſting the earth, each other to deſtroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)

Man had not helliſh foes enow beſides,
That day and night for his deſtruction wait.
The Stygian council thus diſſolv'd; and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers:
Midſt came their mighty paramount, and ſeem'd
Alone th' antagoniſt of Heav'n, nor leſs
Than Hell's dread emperor with pomp ſupreme,
And God-like imitated ſtate; him round
A globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd
With bright imblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then of their ſeſſion ended they bid cry
With trumpets regal ſound the great reſult:
Tow'ards the four winds four ſpeedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the ſounding alchemy
By heralds voice explain'd; the hollow' abyſs
Heard far and wide, and all the hoſt of Hell
With deafning ſhout return'd them loud acclame.
Thence more at eaſe their minds, and ſomewhat rais'd
By falſe preſumptuous hope, the ranged Powers
Diſband, and, wand'ring, each his ſeveral way
Purſues, as inclination or ſad choice
Leads him perplex'd, where he may likelieſt find
Truce to his reſtleſs thoughts, and entertain
The irkſome hours, till his great chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air ſublime,
Upon the wing, or in ſwift race contend,
As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields;
Part curb their fiery ſteeds, or ſhun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form.
As when to warn proud cities war appears

Wag'd

Wag'd in the troubled ſky, and armies rush
To battel in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their ſpears
Till thickeſt legions cloſe; with feats of arms
From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.
Others with vaſt Typhoean rage more fell
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; Hell ſcarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd
With conqueſt, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Theſſalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
Into th' Euboic ſea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a ſileat valley, ſing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapleſs fall
By doom of battel; and complain that fate
Free virtue ſhould inthrall to force or chance.
Their ſong was partial, but the harmony
(What could it leſs when Spi'rits immortal ſing?)
Suſpended Hell, and took with raviſhment
The thronging audience. In diſcourſe more ſweet
(For eloquence the ſoul, ſong charms the ſenſe,)
Others apart ſat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reaſon'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge abſolute,
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes loſt.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happineſs and final miſery,

Paſſion and apathy, and glory' and ſhame,
Vain wiſdom all, and falſe philoſophy:
Yet with a pleaſing ſorcery could charm
Pain for a while or anguiſh, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breaſt
With ſtubborn patience as with triple ſteel.
Another part in ſquadrons and groſs bands,
On bold adventure to diſcover wide
That diſmal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them eaſier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that diſgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful ſtreams;
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron of ſorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful ſtream; fierce Phlegethon
Whoſe waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from theſe a ſlow and ſilent ſtream,
Lethe the river of oblivion rolls
Her watry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former ſtate and be'ing forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleaſure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual ſtorms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin ſeems
Of ancient pile; or elſe deep ſnow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Caſius old,

Where

Where armies whole have ſunk: the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to ſtarve in ice
Their ſoft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethéan ſound
Both to and fro, their ſorrow to augment,
And wiſh and ſtruggle, as they paſs, to reach
The tempting ſtream, with one ſmall drop to loſe
In ſweet forgetfulneſs all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and ſo near the brink;
But fate withſtands, and to oppoſe th' attempt
Meduſa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itſelf the water flies
All taſte of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confus'd march forlorn, th' adventrous bands
With ſhudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghaſt,
View'd firſt their lamentable lot, and found
No reſt: through many a dark and dreary vale
They paſs'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and ſhades of death,
A univerſe of death, which God by curſe
Created evil, for evil only good,

Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverſe, all monſtrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worſe
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and Hydra's, and Chimæra's dire.
Mean while the Adverſary of God and Man,
Satan with thoughts inflam'd of hig'heſt deſign,
Puts on ſwift wings, and tow'ards the gates of Hell
Explores his ſolitary flight; ſometimes
He ſcours the right hand coaſt, ſometimes the left,
Now ſhaves with level wing the deep, then ſoars
Up to the fiery concave towring high.
As when far off at ſea a fleet deſcry'd
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Cloſe ſailing from Bengala, or the iles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their ſpicy drugs: they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply ſtemming nightly tow'ard the pole. So ſeem'd
Far off the flying Fiend: at laſt appear
Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice three-fold the gates; three folds were braſs,
Three iron, three of adamantin rock,
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconſum'd. Before the gates there ſat
On either ſide a formidable ſhape;
The one ſeem'd woman to the waſte, and fair,
But ended foul in many a ſcaly fold
Voluminous and vaſt, a ſerpent arm'd
With mortal ſting: about her middle round

A cry

A cry of Hell hounds never ceaſing bark'd
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they liſt, would creep,
If ought diſturb'd their noiſe, into her womb,
And kennel there, yet there ſtill bark'd and howl'd,
Within unſeen. Far leſs abhorr'd than theſe
Vex'd Scylla bathing in the ſea that parts
Calabria from the hoarſe Trinacrian ſhore:
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd
In ſecret, riding through the air ſhe comes,
Lur'd with the ſmell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon
Eclipſes at their charms. The other ſhape,
If ſhape it might be call'd that ſhape had none
Diſtinguiſhable in member, joint, or limb,
Or ſubſtance might be call'd that ſhadow ſeem'd,
For each ſeem'd either; black it ſtood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And ſhook a dreadful dart; what ſeem'd his head
The likeneſs of a kingly crown had on:
Satan was now at hand, and from his ſeat
The monſter moving onward came as faſt
With horrid ſtrides, Hell trembled as he ſtrode.
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valued he nor ſhunn'd;
And with diſdainful look thus firſt began.

Whence and what art thou, execrable ſhape,
That dar'ſt, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miſcreated front athwart my way

To

To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly', and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spi'rits of Heaven.
To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd.
Art thou that traitor Angel, art thou He,
Who first broke peace in Heav'n and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's sons
Conjur'd against the Hig'hest, for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with Spi'rits of Heaven,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingring, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seise thee', and pangs unfelt before.
So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatning, grew ten-fold
More dreadful and deform: on th' other side
Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend, and such a frown

Each

Each caſt at th' other, as when two black clouds,
With Heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caſpian, then ſtand front to front
Hovering a ſpace, till winds the ſignal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown, ſo match'd they ſtood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet ſo great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been atchiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the ſnaky ſorcereſs that ſat
Faſt by Hell gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.
O Father, what intends thy hand, ſhe cry'd,
Againſt thy only Son? What fury, O Son,
Poſſeſſes thee to bend that mortal dart
Againſt thy Father's head? and know'ſt for whom;
For him who ſits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls juſtice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will deſtroy ye both.
She ſpake, and at her words the hellish pest
Forbore, then back to her Sire return'd.
So ſtrange thy outcry, and thy words ſo ſtrange
Thou interpoſeſt, that my ſudden hand
Prevented ſpares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till firſt I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
In this infernal vale firſt met thou call'ſt
Me Father, and that phantaſm call'ſt my Son;

I know

I know thee not, nor ever ſaw till now
Sight more deteſtable than him and thee.
T' whom thus the portreſs of Hell gate reply'd.
Haſt thou forgot me then, and do I ſeem
Now in thine eye ſo foul? once deem'd ſo fair
In Heav'n, when at th' aſſembly, and in ſight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd
In bold conſpiracy againſt Heav'n's king,
All on a ſudden miſerable pain
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy ſwum
In darkneſs, while thy head flames thick and faſt
Threw forth, till on the left ſide opening wide,
Likeſt to thee in ſhape and count'nance bright,
Then ſhining heav'nly fair, a Goddeſs arm'd
Out of thy head I ſprung: amazement ſeiz'd
All th' hoſt of Heav'n; back they recoil'd afraid
At firſt, and call'd me Sin, and for a ſign
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The moſt averſe, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyſelf in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'ſt enamour'd, and ſuch joy thou took'ſt
With me in ſecret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Mean while war aroſe,
And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remain'd
(For what could elſe?) to our almighty foe
Clear victory, to our part loſs and rout
Through all the empyréan: down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
Into this deep, and in the general fall

I alſo;

I alſo; at which time this pow'rful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
Theſe gates for ever ſhut, which none can paſs
Without my opening. Penſive here I ſat
Alone, but long I ſat not, till my womb
Pregnant by thee, and now exceſſive grown,
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.
At laſt this odious offspring whom thou ſeeſt
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Diſtorted, all my nether ſhape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy
Forth iſſued, brandiſhing his fatal dart
Made to deſtroy: I fled, and cry'd out Death;
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and ſigh'd
From all her caves, and back reſounded Death.
I fled, but he purſued, (though more, it ſeems,
Inflam'd with luſt than rage) and ſwifter far,
Me overtook his mother all diſmay'd,
And in embraces forcible and foul
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
Theſe yelling monſters, that with ceaſeleſs cry
Surround me, as thou ſaw'ſt, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with ſorrow infinite
To me; for when they liſt, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
My bowels, their repaſt; then burſting forth
Afreſh with conſcious terrors vex me round,
That reſt or intermiſſion none I find.
Before mine eyes in oppoſition ſits

Grim

Grim Death my ſon and foe, who ſets them on,
And me his parent would full ſoon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morſel, and his bane,
Whenever that ſhall be; ſo fate pronounc'd.
But thou, O Father, I forewarn thee, ſhun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in thoſe bright arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can reſiſt.
She finiſh'd, and the ſubtle Fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus anſwer'd ſmooth.
Dear Daughter, ſince thou clam'ſt me for thy ſire,
And my fair ſon here ſhow'ſt me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
Then ſweet, now ſad to mention, through dire change
Befall'n us unforeſeen, unthought of; know
I come no enemy, but to ſet free
From out this dark and diſmal houſe of pain
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly hoſt
Of Spi'rits, that in our juſt pretences arm'd
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand ſole, and one for all
Myſelf expoſe, with lonely ſteps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immenſe
To ſearch with wand'ring queſt a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring ſigns, ere now
Created vaſt and round, a place of bliſs
In the pourlieus of Heav'n, and therein plac'd

A race

A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,
Left Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils: Be this or ought
Than this more secret now design'd, I haste
To know, and this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odors; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.
He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famin should be fill'd, and bleft his maw
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire.
The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of Heav'n's all-pow'rful king
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantin gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly-born,
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamors compass'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?

Thou

Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'ſt me; whom ſhould I obey
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me ſoon
To that new world of light and bliſs, among
The Gods who live at eaſe, where I ſhall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beſeems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.
Thus ſaying, from her ſide the fatal key,
Sad inſtrument of all our woe, ſhe took;
And tow'ards the gate rolling her beſtial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,
Which but herſelf not all the Stygian Powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of maſſy iron or ſolid rock with eaſe
Unfaſtens: on a ſudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring ſound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harſh thunder, that the loweſt bottom ſhook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to ſhut
Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open ſtood,
That with extended wings a banner'd hoſt
Under ſpread enſigns marching might paſs through
With horſe and chariots rank'd in looſe array;
So wide they ſtood, and like a furnace mouth
Caſt forth redounding ſmoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in ſudden view appear
The ſecrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimenſion, where length, breadth, and highth,

And

And time, and place are loſt; where eldeſt Night
And Chaos, anceſtors of nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidſt the noiſe
Of endleſs wars, and by confuſion ſtand.
For hot, cold, moiſt, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for maſt'ry, and to battel bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their ſeveral clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, ſharp, ſmooth, ſwift or ſlow,
Swarm populous, un-number'd as the ſands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid ſoil,
Levied to ſide with warring winds, and poiſe
Their lighter wings. To whom theſe moſt adhere,
He rules a moment; Chaos umpire ſits,
And by deciſion more embroils the fray
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyſs,
The womb of nature and perhaps her grave,
Of neither ſea, nor ſhore, nor air, nor fire,
But all theſe in their pregnant cauſes mix'd
Confus'dly, and which thus muſt ever fight,
Unleſs th' almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds;
Into this wild abyſs the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
Pond'ring his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to croſs. Nor was his ear leſs peal'd
With noiſes loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with ſmall) than when Bellona ſtorms,
With all her battering engins bent to raſe

Some capital city'; or leſs than if this frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and theſe elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The ſtedfaſt earth. At laſt his ſail-broad vans
He ſpreads for flight, and in the ſurging ſmoke
Uplifted ſpurns the ground; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, aſcending rides
Audacious; but that ſeat ſoon failing, meets
A vaſt vacuity: all unawares
Fluttering his pennons vain plumb down he drops
Ten thouſand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The ſtrong rebuff of ſome tumultuous cloud,
Inſtinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury ſtay'd,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither ſea,
Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares,
Treading the crude conſiſtence, half on foot,
Half fly'ing; behoves him now both oar and ſail.
As when a gryphon through the wilderneſs
With winged courſe, o'er hill or moory dale,
Purſues the Arimaſpian, who by ſtealth
Had from his wakeful cuſtody purloin'd
The guarded gold: So eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog, or ſteep, through ſtrait, rough, denſe, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, purſues his way,
And ſwims, or ſinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:
At length a univerſal hubbub wild
Of ſtunning ſounds and voices all confus'd,
Borne through the hollow dark, aſſaults his ear

With

loudeſt vehemence: thither he plies,
inted to meet there whatever Power
irit of the nethermoſt abyſs
t in that noiſe reſide, of whom to aſk
h way the neareſt coaſt of darkneſs lies
ring on light; when ſtrait behold the throne
iaos, and his dark pavilion ſpread
on the waſteful deep; with him enthron'd
ble-veſted Night, eldeſt of things,
:onfort of his reign; and by them ſtood
and Ades, and the dreaded name
imogorgon; Rumor next and Chance,
Tumult and Confuſion all embroil'd,
Diſcord with a thouſand various mouths.
iom Satan turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers
Spirits of this nethermoſt abyſs,
; and ancient Night, I come no ſpy,
purpoſe to explore or to diſturb
ecrets of your realm, but by conſtraint
l'ring this darkſome deſert, as my way
hrough your ſpacious empire up to light,
e, and without guide, half loſt, I ſeek
: readieſt path leads where your gloomy bounds
ne with Heav'n; or if ſome other place,
your dominion won, th' ethereal king
les lately, thither to arrive
el this profound; direct my courſe;
ted no mean recompenſe it brings
our behoof, if I that region loſt,
ıſurpation thence expell'd, reduce

To her original darkneſs and your ſway
(Which is my preſent journey) and once more
Erect the ſtandard there of ancient Night;
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.
Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With faltring ſpeech and viſage incompos'd,
Anſwer'd. I know thee, ſtranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading Angel, who of late
Made head againſt Heav'n's king, though overthrown.
I ſaw and heard, for ſuch a numerous hoſt
Fled not in ſilence through the frighted deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confuſion worſe confounded; and Heav'n gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Purſuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep reſidence; if all I can will ſerve
That little which is left ſo to defend,
Encroach'd on ſtill through your inteſtin broils
Weakning the ſcepter of old Night: firſt Hell
Your dungeon ſtretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain
To that ſide Heav'n from whence your legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger; go and ſpeed;
Havoc and ſpoil and ruin are my gain.
He ceas'd; and Satan ſtay'd not to reply,
But glad that now his ſea ſhould find a ſhore,
With freſh alacrity and force renew'd
Springs upward like a pyramid of fire

Into

Into the wild expanſe, and through the ſhock
Of fighting elements, on all ſides round
Environ'd wins his way; harder beſet
And more indanger'd, than when Argo paſs'd
Through Boſporus betwixt the juſtling rocks:
Or when Ulyſſes on the larbord ſhunn'd
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool ſteer'd.
So he with difficulty and labor hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labor he;
But he once paſt, ſoon after when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, ſuch was the will of Heaven,
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyſs, whoſe boiling gulf
Tamely indur'd a bridge of wondrous length
From Hell continued reaching th' utmoſt orb
Of this frail world; by which the Spi'rits perverſe
With eaſy intercourſe paſs to and fro
To tempt or puniſh mortals, except whom
God and good Angels guard by ſpecial grace.
But now at laſt the ſacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven
Shoots far into the boſom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn; here Nature firſt begins
Her fartheſt verge, and Chaos to retire
As from her outmoſt works a broken foe
With tumult leſs and with leſs hoſtile din,
That Satan with leſs toil, and now with eaſe
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And like a weather-beaten veſſel holds

Gladly the port, though ſhrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waſte, reſembling air,
Weighs his ſpread wings, at leiſure to behold
Far off th' empyreal Heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd ſquare or round,
With opal tow'rs and battlements adorn'd
Of living ſaphir, once his native ſeat;
And faſt by hanging in a golden chain
This pendent world, in bigneſs as a ſtar
Of ſmalleſt magnitude cloſe by the moon.
Thither full fraught with miſchievous revenge,
Accurs'd, and in a curſed hour he hies.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

ARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

AIL holy Light, off-spring of Heav'n firſt-born,
Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam
expreſs thee' unblam'd? ſince God is light,
ever but in unapproached light
from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
t effluence of bright eſſence increate.
ar'ſt thou rather pure ethereal ſtream,
e fountain who ſhall tell? before the ſun,
the Heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
d, as with a mantle didſt inveſt
iſing world of waters dark and deep,
from the void and formleſs infinite.
I re-viſit now with bolder wing,
'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
t obſcure ſojourn, while in my flight
igh utter and through middle darkneſs borne
other notes than to th' Orphéan lyre
; of Chaos and eternal Night,
nt by the heav'nly Muſe to venture down
ark deſcent, and up to re-aſcend,
gh hard and rare: thee I reviſit ſafe,
eel thy ſovran vital lamp; but thou

Reviſit'ſt

Reviſit'ſt not theſe eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop ſerene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim ſuffuſion veil'd. Yet not the more
Ceaſe I to wander, where the Muſes haunt
Clear ſpring, or ſhady grove, or ſunny hill,
Smit with the love of ſacred ſong; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowry brooks beneath,
That waſh thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I viſit: nor ſometimes forget
Thoſe other two equal'd with me in fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
And Tireſias and Phineus prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in ſhadieſt covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seaſons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the ſweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or ſight of vernal bloom, or ſummer's roſe,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud inſtead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the chearful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Preſented with a univerſal blank
Of nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wiſdom at one entrance quite ſhut out.
So much the rather thou, celeſtial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate,

Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.
Now had th' almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyrean where he sits
High thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the Sanctities of Heaven
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd
Beatitude past utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only Son; on earth he first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love
In blissful solitude; he then survey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd, without firmament,
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.
Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage
Transports our Adversary? whom no bounds
Prescrib'd, no bars of *Hell*, nor all the chains

Heap'd

Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyſs
Wide interrupt can hold; ſo bent he ſeems
On deſperate revenge, that ſhall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all reſtraint broke looſe he wings his way
Not far off Heav'n, in the precincts of light,
Directly tow'rds the new created world,
And Man there plac'd, with purpoſe to aſſay
If him by force he can deſtroy, or worſe,
By ſome falſe guile pervert; and ſhall pervert,
For Man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And eaſily tranſgreſs the ſole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall,
He and his faithleſs progeny: Whoſe fault?
Whoſe but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have; I made him juſt and right,
Sufficient to have ſtood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th' ethereal Powers
And Spirits, both them who ſtood and them who fail'd;
Freely they ſtood who ſtood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n ſincere
Of true allegiance, conſtant faith or love,
Where only what they needs muſt do appear'd,
Not what they would? what praiſe could they receive?
What pleaſure I from ſuch obedience paid,
When will and reaſon (reaſon alſo' is choice)
Uſeleſs and vain, of freedom both deſpoil'd,
Made paſſive both, had ſerv'd neceſſity,
Not me? They therefore as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can juſtly' accuſe

Their

Their maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predeſtination over-rul'd
Their will, diſpos'd by abſolute decree
Or high foreknowledge; they themſelves decreed
Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no leſs prov'd certain unforeknown.
So without leaſt impulſe or ſhadow' of fate,
Or ought by me immutably foreſeen,
They treſpaſs, authors to themſelves in all
Both what they judge and what they chooſe; for ſo
I form'd them free, and free they muſt remain,
Till they inthrall themſelves; I elſe muſt change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom, they themſelves ordain'd their fall.
The firſt ſort by their own ſuggeſtion fell,
Self-tempted, ſelf-deprav'd: Man falls, deceiv'd
By th' other firſt: Man therefore ſhall find grace,
The other none: in mercy' and juſtice both,
Through Heav'n and Earth, ſo ſhall my glory' excel,
But mercy firſt and laſt ſhall brighteſt ſhine.
Thus while God ſpake, ambroſial fragrance fill'd
All Heav'n, and in the bleſſed Spi'rits elect
Senſe of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
Beyond compare the Son of God was ſeen
Moſt glorious; in him all his Father ſhone
Subſtantially expreſs'd; and in his face
Divine compaſſion viſibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without meaſure grace,

Which

Which uttering thus he to his Father ſpake.
O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd
Thy ſovran ſentence, that Man ſhould find grace;
For which both Heav'n and Earth ſhall high extol
Thy praiſes, with th' innumerable ſound
Of hymns and ſacred ſongs, wherewith thy throne
Incompaſs'd ſhall reſound thee ever bleſt.
For ſhould Man finally be loſt, ſhould Man,
Thy creature late ſo lov'd, thy youngeſt ſon,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? that be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgeſt only right.
Or ſhall the Adverſary thus obtain
His end, and fruſtrate thine? ſhall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodneſs bring to nought,
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accompliſh'd, and to Hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyſelf
Aboliſh thy creation, and unmake
For him, what for thy glory thou haſt made?
So ſhould thy goodneſs and thy greatneſs both
Be queſtion'd and blaſphem'd without defenſe.
To whom the great Creator thus reply'd.
O Son, in whom my ſoul hath chief delight,
Son of my boſom, Son who art alone
My word, my wiſdom, and effectual might,
All haſt thou ſpoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpoſe hath decreed:

Man

Man ſhall not quite be loſt, but ſav'd who will,
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchſaf'd; once more I will renew
His lapſed pow'rs, though forfeit and inthrall'd
By ſin to foul exorbitant deſires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he ſhall ſtand
On even ground againſt his mortal foe,
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
All his deliverance, and to none but me.
Some I have choſen of peculiar grace
Elect above the reſt; ſo is my will:
The reſt ſhall hear me call, and oft be warn'd
Their ſinful ſtate, and to appeaſe betimes
Th' incenſed Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites; for I will clear their ſenſes dark,
What may ſuffice, and ſoften ſtony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavor'd with ſincere intent,
Mine ear ſhall not be ſlow, mine eye not ſhut.
And I will place within them as a guide
My umpire conſcience, whom if they will hear,
Light after light well us'd they ſhall attain,
And to the end perſiſting, ſafe arrive.
This my long ſufferance and my day of grace
They who neglect and ſcorn, ſhall never taſte;
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,
That they may ſtumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but ſuch from mercy I exclude.

But yet all is not done; Man diſobeying,
Diſloyal breaks his feälty, and ſins
Againſt the high ſupremacy of Heaven,
Affecting God-head, and ſo loſing all,
To expiate his treaſon hath nought left,
But to deſtruction ſacred and devote,
He with his whole poſterity muſt die,
Die he or juſtice muſt; unleſs for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid ſatisfaction, death for death.
Say heav'nly Pow'rs, where ſhall we find ſuch love?
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and juſt th' unjuſt to ſave?
Dwells in all Heaven charity ſo dear?
He aſk'd, but all the heav'nly quire ſtood mute,
And ſilence was in Heav'n: on Man's behalf
Patron or interceſſor none appear'd,
Much leſs that durſt upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ranſome ſet.
And now without redemption all mankind
Muſt have been loſt, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
By doom ſevere, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulneſs dwells of love divine,
His deareſt mediation thus renew'd.
Father, thy word is paſt, Man ſhall find grace;
And ſhall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The ſpeedieſt of thy winged meſſengers,
To viſit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unſought?
Happy for Man, ſo coming; he her aid

Can

Can never ſeek, once dead in ſins and loſt;
Atonement for himſelf or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring:
Behold me then; me for him, life for life
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
Account me Man; I for his ſake will leave
Thy boſom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him laſtly die
Well pleas'd; on me let Death wreck all his rage;
Under his gloomy pow'r I ſhall not long
Lie vanquiſh'd; thou haſt giv'n me to poſſeſs
Life in myſelf for ev'r; by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathſome grave
His prey, nor ſuffer my unſpotted ſoul
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I ſhall riſe victorious, and ſubdue
My vanquiſher, ſpoil'd of his vaunted ſpoil;
Death his death's wound ſhall then receive, and ſtoop
Inglorious, of his mortal ſting diſarm'd.
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and ſhow
The Pow'rs of darkneſs bound. Thou at the ſight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven ſhalt look down and ſmile,
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,
Death laſt, and with his carcaſs glut the grave:
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd
Shall enter Heav'n long abſent, and return,
Father, to ſee thy face, wherein no cloud

Of anger ſhall remain, but peace aſſur'd
And reconcilement; wrath ſhall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy preſence joy entire.
His words here ended, but his meek aſpect
Silent yet ſpake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only ſhone
Filial obedience: as a ſacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration ſeis'd
All Heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend
Wond'ring; but ſoon th' Almighty thus reply'd.
O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou
My ſole complacence! well thou know'ſt how dear
To me are all my works, nor Man the leaſt,
Though laſt created; that for him I ſpare
Thee from my boſom and right hand, to ſave,
By loſing thee a while, the whole race loſt.
Thou therefore, whom thou only canſt redeem,
Their nature alſo to thy nature join;
And be thyſelf Man among men on earth,
Made fleſh, when time ſhall be, of virgin ſeed,
By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room
The head of all mankind, though Adam's ſon.
As in him periſh all men, ſo in thee,
As from a ſecond root, ſhall be reſtor'd
As many as are reſtor'd, without thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his ſons; thy merit
Imputed ſhall abſolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,

And

And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for Man, be judg'd and die,
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, less or degrade thine own.
Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found
By merit more than birthright Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being good,
Far more than great or high; because in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy manhood also to this throne;
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed universal king; all power
I give thee; reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits; under thee as head supreme
Thrones, Princedoms, Pow'rs, Dominions I reduce;
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
In Heav'n, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.

When thou attended gloriouſly from Heaven
Shalt in the ſky appear, and from thee ſend
The ſummoning Arch-Angels to proclame
Thy dread tribunal; forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all paſt ages, to the general doom
Shall haſten, ſuch a peal ſhall rouſe their ſleep.
Then all thy ſaints aſſembled, thou ſhalt judge
Bad men and Angels; they arraign'd ſhall ſink
Beneath thy ſentence; Hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth ſhall be for ever ſhut. Mean while
The world ſhall burn, and from her aſhes ſpring
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the juſt ſhall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then thou thy regal ſcepter ſhalt lay by,
For regal ſcepter then no more ſhall need,
God ſhall be all in all. But all ye Gods,
Adore him, who to compaſs all this dies;
Adore the Son, and honor him as me.
No ſooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of Angels, with a ſhout
Loud as from numbers without number, ſweet
As from bleſt voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud Hoſanna's fill'd
Th' eternal regions: lowly reverent
Tow'ards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With ſolemn adoration down they caſt
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold;

Immortal

Immortal amarant, a flow'r which once
In Paradiſe, faſt by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but ſoon for man's offenſe
To Heav'n remov'd, where firſt it grew, there grows,
And flow'rs aloft ſhading the fount of life,
And where the riv'er of bliſs through midſt of Heaven
Rolls o'er Elyſian flow'rs her amber ſtream;
With theſe that never fade the Spi'rits elect
Bind their reſplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,
Now in looſe garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a ſea of jaſper ſhone,
Impurpled with celeſtial roſes ſmil'd.
Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their ſide
Like quivers hung, and with preamble ſweet
Of charming ſymphony they introduce
Their ſacred ſong, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, ſuch concord is in Heaven.

Thee, Father, firſt they ſung Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King; thee Author of all being,
Fountain of light, thyſelf inviſible
Amidſt the glorious brightneſs where thou ſit'ſt
Thron'd inacceſſible, but when thou ſhad'ſt
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant ſhrine,
Dark with exceſſive bright thy ſkirts appear,
Yet dazle Heav'n, that brighteſt Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.

Thee next they ſang of all creation firſt,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whoſe conſpicuous count'nance, without cloud
Made viſible, th' almighty Father ſhines,
Whom elſe no creature can behold; on thee
Impreſs'd th' effulgence of his glory' abides,
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit reſts.
He Heav'n of Heav'ns and all the Pow'rs therein
By thee created, and by thee drew down
Th' aſpiring Dominations: thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didſt not ſpare,
Nor ſtop thy flaming chariot wheels, that ſhook
Heav'n's everlaſting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drov'ſt of warring Angels diſarray'd.
Back from purſuit thy Pow'rs with loud acclame
Thee only' extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
Not ſo on Man: Him through their malice fall'n,
Father of mercy' and grace, thou didſt not doom
So ſtrictly, but much more to pity' incline:
No ſooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
So ſtrictly, but much more to pity' inclin'd,
He to appeaſe thy wrath, and end the ſtrife
Of mercy' and juſtice in thy face diſcern'd,
Regardleſs of the bliſs wherein he ſat
Second to thee, offer'd himſelf to die
For Man's offenſe. O unexampled love,
Love no where to be found leſs than Divine!
Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy name

Shall

Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.
Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
Mean while upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs inclos'd
From Chaos and th' inroad of Darkness old,
Satan alighted walks: a globe far off
It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
Starless expos'd, and ever-threatning storms
Of Chaos blust'ring round inclement sky;
Save on that side which from the wall of Heaven,
Though distant far, some small reflexion gains
Of glimmering air less vex'd with tempest loud:
Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field.
As when a vulture on Imaus bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling kids
On hills where flocks are fed, flies tow'ard the springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes Indian streams;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chinesses drive
With sails and wind their cany waggons light:
So on this windy sea of land, the Fiend
Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;
Alone, for other creature in this place

Living or lifeleſs to be found was none;
None yet, but ſtore hereafter from the earth
Up hither like aereal vapors flew
Of all things tranſitory and vain, when ſin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men;
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory or laſting fame,
Or happineſs in this or th' other life;
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful ſuperſtition and blind zeal,
Nought ſeeking but the praiſe of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;
All th' unaccompliſh'd works of Nature's hand,
Abortive, monſtrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Diſſolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
'Till final diſſolution, wander here,
Not in the neighb'ring moon, as ſome have dream'd;
Thoſe argent fields more likely habitants,
Tranſlated Saints, or middle Spirits hold
Betwixt th' angelical and human kind.
Hither of ill-join'd ſons and daughters born
Firſt from the ancient world thoſe giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Sennaar, and ſtill with vain deſign
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
Others came ſingle; he who to be deem'd
A God, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames,
Empedocles; and he who to enjoy
Plato's Elyſium, leap'd into the ſea,

Cleombrotus

Cleombrotus; and many more too long,
Embryo's and idiots, eremites and friers
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.
Here pilgrims roam, that ſtray'd ſo far to ſeek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heaven;
And they who, to be ſure of Paradiſe,
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciſcan think to paſs diſguis'd;
They paſs the planets ſev'n, and paſs the fix'd,
And that cryſtallin ſphere whoſe balance weighs
The trepidation talk'd, and that firſt mov'd;
And now Saint Peter at Heav'n's wicket ſeems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
Of Heav'n's aſcent they lift their feet; when lo
A violent croſs wind from either coaſt
Blows them tranſverſe ten thouſand leagues awry
Into the devious air; then might ye ſee
Cowls, hoods, and habits with their wearers toſt
And flutter'd into rags, then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, diſpenſes, pardons, bulls,
The ſport of winds: all theſe upwhirl'd aloft
Fly o'er the backſide of the world far off
Into a Limbo large and broad, ſince call'd
The Paradiſe of Fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
All this dark globe the Fiend found as he paſs'd,
And long he wander'd, till at laſt a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haſte
His travel'd ſteps: far diſtant he deſcries
Aſcending by degrees magnificent

Up to the wall of Heav'n a ſtructure high;
At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace gate,
With frontiſpiece of diamond and gold
Embelliſh'd; thick with ſparkling orient gems
The portal ſhone, inimitable on earth
By model, or by ſhading pencil drawn.
The ſtairs were ſuch as whereon Jacob ſaw
Angels aſcending and deſcending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Eſau fled
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz
Dreaming by night under the open ſky,
And waking cry'd, This is the gate of Heaven.
Each ſtair myſteriouſly was meant, nor ſtood
There always, but drawn up to Heav'n ſometimes
Viewleſs; and underneath a bright ſea flow'd
Of jaſper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from earth, ſailing arriv'd
Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery ſteeds.
The ſtairs were then let down, whether to dare
The Fiend by eaſy aſcent, or aggravate
His ſad excluſion from the doors of bliſs:
Direct againſt which open'd from beneath,
Juſt o'er the bliſsful ſeat of Paradiſe,
A paſſage down to th' Earth, a paſſage wide,
Wider by far than that of after-times
Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
Over the Promis'd Land to God ſo dear,
By which, to viſit oft thoſe happy tribes,

On

On high beheſts his Angels to and fro
Paſs'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From Paneas the fount of Jordan's flood
To Beërſaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Egypt and th' Arabian ſhore;
So wide the opening ſeem'd, where bounds were ſet
To darkneſs, ſuch as bound the ocean wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower ſtair
That ſcal'd by ſteps of gold to Heaven gate,
Looks down with wonder at the ſudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a ſcout
Through dark and deſert ways with peril gone
All night, at laſt by break of cheerful dawn
Obtains the brow of ſome high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye diſcovers unaware
The goodly proſpect of ſome foreign land
Firſt ſeen, or ſome renown'd metropolis
With glitt'ring ſpires and pinnacles adorn'd
Which now the riſing ſun gilds with his beams:
Such wonder ſeiz'd, though after Heaven ſeen,
The Spi'rit malign, but much more envy ſeiz'd,
At ſight of all this world beheld ſo fair.
Round he ſurveys (and well might, where he ſtood
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended ſhade) from eaſtern point
Of Libra to the fleecy ſtar that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic ſeas
Beyond th' horizon; then from pole to pole
He views in breadth, and without longer pauſe
Down right into the world's firſt region throws

His

His flight precipitant, and winds with eaſe
Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongſt innumerable ſtars, that ſhone
Stars diſtant, but nigh hand ſeem'd other worlds;
Or other worlds they ſeem'd, or happy iles,
Like thoſe Heſperian gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,
Thrice happy iles, but who dwelt happy there
He ſtay'd not to inquire: above them all
The golden ſun in ſplendor likeſt Heaven
Allur'd his eye: thither his courſe he bends
Through the calm firmament, (but up or down,
By center, or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or longitude,) where the great luminary
Aloof the vulgar conſtellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep diſtance due,
Diſpenſes light from far; they as they move
Their ſtarry dance in numbers that compute
Days months and years, tow'ards his all-chearing lamp
Turn ſwift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The univerſe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unſeen,
Shoots inviſible virtue ev'n to the deep;
So wondrouſly was ſet his ſtation bright.
There lands the Fiend, a ſpot like which perhaps
Aſtronomer in the ſun's lucent orb
Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never ſaw.
The place he found beyond expreſſion bright,
Compar'd with ought on earth, metal or ſtone;

Not

Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;
If metal, part ſeem'd gold, part ſilver clear;
If ſtone, carbuncle moſt or chryſolite,
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that ſhone
In Aaron's breaſt-plate, and a ſtone beſides
Imagin'd rather oft than elſewhere ſeen,
That ſtone, or like to that, which here below
Philoſophers in vain ſo long have ſought,
In vain, though by their pow'rful art they bind
Volatil Hermes, and call up unbound
In various ſhapes old Proteus from the ſea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth Elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
Th' arch-chemic ſun, ſo far from us remote,
Produces, with terreſtrial humor mix'd,
Here in the dark ſo many precious things
Of color glorious, and effect ſo rare?
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
Undazled; far and wide his eye commands;
For ſight no obſtacle found here, nor ſhade,
But all ſun-ſhine, as when his beams at noon
Culminate from th' equator, as they now
Shot upward ſtill direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall; and th' air
No where ſo clear, ſharpen'd his viſual ray
To objects diſtant far, whereby he ſoon
Saw within ken a glorious Angel ſtand,

The

The ſame whom John ſaw alſo in the ſun:
His back was turn'd, but not his brightneſs hid;
Of beaming ſunny rays a golden tiar
Circled his head, nor leſs his locks behind
Illuſtrious on his ſhoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round; on ſome great charge employ'd
He ſeem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
Glad was the Spi'rit impure, as now in hope
To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
To Paradiſe the happy ſeat of Man,
His journey's end and our beginning woe.
But firſt he caſts to change his proper ſhape,
Which elſe might work him danger or delay:
And now a ſtripling Cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet ſuch as in his face
Youth ſmil'd celeſtial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffus'd, ſo well he feign'd:
Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a color'd plume ſprinkled with gold,
His habit fit for ſpeed ſuccinct, and held
Before his decent ſteps a ſilver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard; the Angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant viſage turn'd,
Admoniſh'd by his ear, and ſtrait was known
Th' Arch-Angel Uriel, one of the ſeven
Who in God's preſence, neareſt to his throne,
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th' Ea
Bear his ſwift errands over moiſt and dry,

nd land: Nam Satan thus accosts.
, for thou of those seven Spirits that stand
t of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
. first art wont his great authentic will
terpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,
here all his sons thy embassy attend;
nd here art likeliest by supreme decree
like honor to obtain, and as his eye
To visit oft this new creation round;
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favor, him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd,
Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim
Alone thus wand'ring. Brightest Seraph, tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath Man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;
That I may find him, and with secret gaze
Or open admiration him behold,
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The universal Maker we may praise;
Who justly hath driv'n out his rebel foes
To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss
Created this new happy race of Men
To serve him better: wise are all his ways.
So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd;
For neither Man nor Angel can discern

Hypocrisy,

Hypocriſy, the only' evil that walks
Inviſible, except to God alone,
By his permiſſive will, through Heav'n and Earth :
And oft, though wiſdom wake, ſuſpicion ſleeps
At wiſdom's gate, and to ſimplicity
Reſigns her charge, while goodneſs thinks no ill
Where no ill ſeems : Which now for once beguil'd
Uriel, though regent of the ſun, and held
The ſharpeſt-ſighted Spi'rit of all in Heaven ;
Who to the fraudulent impoſtor foul
In his uprightneſs anſwer thus return'd.
Fair Angel, thy deſire, which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify
The great Work-maſter, leads to no exceſs
That reaches blame, but rather merits praiſe
The more it ſeems exceſs, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal manſion thus alone,
To witneſs with thine eyes what ſome perhaps
Contented with report hear only' in Heaven :
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleaſant to know, and worthieſt to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight ;
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wiſdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their cauſes deep ?
I ſaw when at his word the formleſs maſs,
This world's material mold, came to a heap :
Confuſion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul'd, ſtood vaſt infinitude confin'd ;
Till at his ſecond bidding darkneſs fled,

Light

Light ſhone, and order from diſorder ſprung:
Swift to their ſeveral quarters haſted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire;
And this ethereal quinteſſence of Heaven
Flew upward, ſpirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to ſtars
Numberleſs, as thou ſeeſt, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his courſe;
The reſt in circuit walls this univerſe.
Look downward on that globe, whoſe hither ſide
With light from hence, though but reflected, ſhines;
That place is Earth the ſeat of Man, that light
His day, which elſe as th' other hemiſphere
Night would invade; but there the neighb'ring moon
(So call that oppoſite fair ſtar) her aid
Timely' interpoſes, and her monthly round
Still ending, ſtill renewing, through mid Heaven,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills and empties to inlighten th' Earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That ſpot to which I point is Paradiſe,
Adam's abode, thoſe lofty ſhades his bower.
Thy way thou canſt not miſs, me mine requires.
Thus ſaid, he turn'd; and Satan bowing low,
As to ſuperior Spi'rits is wont in Heaven,
Where honor due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and tow'ard the coaſt of earth beneath,
Down from th' ecliptic, ſped with hop'd ſucceſs,
Throws his ſteep flight in many an aery wheel,
Nor ſtay'd, till on Niphates' top he lights.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

The ſame whom John ſaw alſo in the ſun:
His back was turn'd, but not his brightneſs hid;
Of beaming ſunny rays a golden tiar
Circled his head, nor leſs his locks behind
Illuſtrious on his ſhoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round; on ſome great charge employ'd
He ſeem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
Glad was the Spi'rit impure, as now in hope
To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
To Paradiſe the happy ſeat of Man,
His journey's end and our beginning woe.
But firſt he caſts to change his proper ſhape,
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Not of the prime, yet ſuch as in his face
Youth ſmil'd celeſtial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffus'd, ſo well he feign'd:
Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a color'd plume ſprinkled with gold,
His habit fit for ſpeed ſuccinct, and held
Before his decent ſteps a ſilver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard; the Angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant viſage turn'd,
Admoniſh'd by his ear, and ſtrait was known
Th' Arch-Angel Uriel, one of the ſeven
Who in God's preſence, neareſt to his throne,
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th' Earth
Bear his ſwift errands over moiſt and dry,

O'er

O'er ſea and land: him Satan thus accoſts.
Uriel, for thou of thoſe ſeven Spirits that ſtand
In ſight of God's high throne, gloriouſly bright,
The firſt art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through higheſt Heav'n to bring,
Where all his ſons thy embaſſy attend;
And here art likelieſt by ſupreme decree
Like honor to obtain, and as his eye
To viſit oft this new creation round;
Unſpeakable deſire to ſee, and know
All theſe his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favor, him for whom
All theſe his works ſo wondrous he ordain'd,
Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim
Alone thus wand'ring. Brighteſt Seraph, tell
In which of all theſe ſhining orbs hath Man
His fixed ſeat, or fixed ſeat hath none,
But all theſe ſhining orbs his choice to dwell;
That I may find him, and with ſecret gaze
Or open admiration him behold,
On whom the great Creator hath beſtow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all theſe graces pour'd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The univerſal Maker we may praiſe;
Who juſtly hath driv'n out his rebel foes
To deepeſt Hell, and to repair that loſs
Created this new happy race of Men
To ſerve him better: wiſe are all his ways.
So ſpake the falſe diſſembler unperceiv'd;
For neither Man nor Angel can diſcern

Hypocriſy,

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan now in proſpect of Eden, and nigh the place where he muſt now attempt the bold enterpriſe which he undertook alone againſt God and Man, falls into many doubts with himſelf, and many paſſions, fear, envy, and deſpair; but at length confirms himſelf in evil, journeys on to Paradiſe whoſe outward proſpect and ſituation is deſcribed, overleaps the bounds, ſits in the ſhape of a cormorant on the tree of life, as higheſt in the garden, to look about him. The garden deſcrib'd; Satan's firſt ſight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy ſtate, but with reſolution to work their fall; overhears their diſcourſe, thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation by ſeducing them to tranſgreſs: then leaves them a while, to know further of their ſtate by ſome other means. Mean while Uriel deſcending on a ſunbeam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradiſe, that ſome evil Spirit had eſcap'd the deep, and paſs'd at noon by his ſphere in the ſhape of a good Angel down to Paradiſe, diſcovered after by his furious geſtures in the mount. Gabriel promiſes to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve diſcourſe of going to their reſt: their bower deſcrib'd; their evening worſhip. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradiſe, appoints two ſtrong Angels to Adam's bower, leſt the evil Spirit ſhould be there doing ſome harm to Adam or Eve ſleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom queſtion'd, he ſcornfully anſwers, prepares reſiſtance, but hinder'd by a ſign from Heaven, flies out of Paradiſe.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

O For that warning voice, which he who ſaw
Th' Apocalyps heard cry in Heav'n aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to ſecond rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
Woe to th' inhabitants on earth! that now,
While time was, our firſt parents had been warn'd
The coming of their ſecret foe, and ſcap'd,
Haply ſo ſcap'd his mortal ſnare: for now
Satan, now firſt inflam'd with rage, came down,
The tempter ere th' accuſer of man-kind,
To wreck on innocent frail man his loſs
Of that firſt battel, and his flight to Hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his ſpeed, though bold
Far off and fearleſs, nor with cauſe to boaſt,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breaſt,
And like a deviliſh engin back recoils
Upon himſelf; horror and doubt diſtract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom ſtir
The Hell within him; for within him Hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One ſtep no more than from himſelf can fly

By change of place: now conſcience wakes deſpair
That ſlumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what muſt be
Worſe; of worſe deeds worſe ſufferings muſt enſue.
Sometimes tow'ards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleaſant, his griev'd look he fixes ſad;
Sometimes tow'ards Heav'n and the full-blazing ſun,
Which now ſat high in his meridian tower:
Then much revolving, thus in ſighs began.

O thou that with ſurpaſſing glory crown'd,
Look'ſt from thy ſole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whoſe ſight all the ſtars
Hide their diminiſh'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what ſtate
I fell, how glorious once above thy ſphere;
Till pride and worſe ambition threw me down
Warring in Heav'n againſt Heav'n's matchleſs king:
Ah wherefore! he deſerv'd no ſuch return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his ſervice hard.
What could be leſs than to afford him praiſe,
The eaſieſt recompenſe, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up ſo high
I ſdeind ſubjection, and thought one ſtep higher
Would ſet me hig'heſt, and in a moment quit
The debt immenſe of endleſs gratitude,

So

So burdenſome ſtill paying, ſtill to owe,
Forgetful what from him I ſtill receiv'd,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but ſtill pays, at once
Indebted and diſcharg'd; what burden then?
O had his pow'rful deſtiny ordain'd
Me ſome inferior Angel, I had ſtood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? ſome other Power
As great might have aſpir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great
Fell not, but ſtand unſhaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadſt thou the ſame free will and pow'r to ſtand?
Thou hadſt: whom haſt thou then or what t' accuſe,
But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, ſince love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay curs'd be thou; ſince againſt his thy will
Choſe freely what it now ſo juſtly rues.
Me miſerable! which way ſhall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite deſpair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myſelf am Hell;
And in the loweſt deep a lower deep
Still threatning to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I ſuffer ſeems a Heaven.
O then at laſt relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by ſubmiſſion; and that word
Diſdain forbids me, and my dread of ſhame

Among the Spi'rits beneath, whom I ſeduc'd
With other promiſes and other vaunts
Than to ſubmit, boaſting I could ſubdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boaſt ſo vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
With diadem and ſcepter high advanc'd,
The lower ſtill I fall, only ſupreme
In miſery; ſuch joy ambition finds.
But ſay I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace my former ſtate; how ſoon
Would highth recall high thoughts, how ſoon unſay
What feign'd ſubmiſſion ſwore? eaſe would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd ſo deep:
Which would but lead me to a worſe relapſe
And heavier fall: ſo ſhould I purchaſe dear
Short intermiſſion bought with double ſmart.
This knows my puniſher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold in ſtead
Of us out-caſt, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewel hope, and with hope farewel fear,
Farewel remorſe: all good to me is loſt;
Evil be thou my good; by thee at leaſt
Divided empire with Heav'n's king I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;

As

As Man ere long, and this new world ſhall know.
Thus while he ſpake, each paſſion dimm'd his face;
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy, and deſpair;
Which marr'd his borrow'd viſage, and betray'd
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
For heav'nly minds from ſuch diſtempers foul
Are ever clear. Whereof he ſoon aware,
Each perturbation ſmooth'd with outward calm,
Artificer of fraud; and was the firſt
That practis'd falſhood under ſaintly ſhow,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge:
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel once warn'd; whoſe eye purſued him down
The way he went, and on th' Aſſyrian mount
Saw him diſfigur'd, more than could befall
Spirit of happy ſort: his geſtures fierce
He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he ſuppos'd, all unobſerv'd, unſeen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradiſe,
Now nearer, crowns with her incloſure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a ſteep wilderneſs, whoſe hairy ſides
With thicket overgrown, grotteſque and wild,
Acceſs deny'd; and over head up grew
Inſuperable highth of loftieſt ſhade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A ſylvan ſcene, and as the ranks aſcend
Shade above ſhade, a woody theatre
Of ſtatelieſt view. Yet *higher than their* tops

The

The verd'rous wall of Paradiſe up ſprung:
Which to our general ſire gave proſpect large
Into his nether empire neighb'ring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodlieſt trees loaden with faireſt fruit,
Bloſſoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colors mix'd:
On which the ſun more glad impreſs'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath ſhow'r'd the earth; ſo lovely ſeem'd
That landſkip: And of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inſpires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All ſadneſs but deſpair: now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings diſpenſe
Native perfumes, and whiſper whence they ſtole
Thoſe balmy ſpoils. As when to them who ſail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are paſt
Mozambic, off at ſea north-eaſt winds blow
Sabean odors from the ſpicy ſhore
Of Araby the bleſt; with ſuch delay
Well pleas'd they ſlack their courſe, and many a league
Chear'd with the grateful ſmell old Ocean ſmiles:
So entertain'd thoſe odorous ſweets the Fiend
Who came their bane, though with them better pleas'd
Than Aſmodëus with the fiſhy fume
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the ſpouſe
Of Tobit's ſon, and with a vengeance ſent
From Media poſt to Egypt, there faſt bound.

Now to th' aſcent of that ſteep ſavage hill

Satan

Satan had journey'd on, penſive and ſlow;
But further way found none, ſo thick intwin'd,
As one continued brake, the undergrowth
Of ſhrubs and tangling buſhes had perplex'd
All path of man or beaſt that paſs'd that way:
One gate there only was, and that look'd eaſt
On th' other ſide: which when th' arch-felon ſaw,
Due entrance he diſdain'd, and in contempt,
At one ſlight bound high over leap'd all bound
Of hill or higheſt wall, and ſheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to ſeek new haunt for prey,
Watching where ſhepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cotes amid the field ſecure,
Leaps o'er the fence with eaſe into the fold:
Or as a thief bent to unhord the caſh
Of ſome rich burgher, whoſe ſubſtantial doors,
Croſs-barr'd and bolted faſt, fear no aſſault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb this firſt grand thief into God's fold;
So ſince into his church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree and higheſt there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but ſat deviſing death
To them who liv'd; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
For proſpect, what well us'd had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right

The

The good before him, but perverts beſt things
To worſt abuſe, or to their meaneſt uſe.
Beneath him with new wonder now he views
To all delight of human ſenſe expos'd
In narrow room Nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A Heav'n on Earth: for bliſsful Paradiſe
Of God the garden was, by him in th' eaſt
Of Eden planted; Eden ſtretch'd her line
From Auran eaſtward to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the ſons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telaſſar: in this pleaſant ſoil
His far more pleaſant garden God ordain'd;
Out of the fertil ground he caus'd to grow
All trees of nobleſt kind for ſight, ſmell, taſte;
And all amid them ſtood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambroſial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life,
Our death the tree of knowledge grew faſt by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his courſe, but through the ſhaggy hill
Paſs'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden mold high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirſt up drawn,
Roſe a freſh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the ſteep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darkſome paſſage now appears,

And

And now divided into four main ſtreams,
Runs diverſe, wand'ring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that ſaphir fount the criſped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and ſands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent ſhades
Ran nectar, viſiting each plant, and fed
Flow'rs, worthy' of Paradiſe, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuſe on hill and dale and plain,
Both where the morning ſun firſt warmly ſmote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd ſhade
Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs: Thus was this place
A happy rural ſeat of various view;
Groves whoſe rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whoſe fruit burniſh'd with golden rind
Hung amiable, Heſperian fables true,
If true, here only', and of delicious taſte:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy hilloc; or the flow'ry lap
Of ſome irriguous valley ſpread her ſtore,
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the roſe:
Another ſide, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool receſs, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; mean while murm'ring waters fall
Down the ſlope hills, diſpers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed *bank with myrtle* crown'd

Her

Her cryſtal mirror holds, unite their ſtreams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the ſmell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while univerſal Pan
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
Led on th' eternal ſpring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proſerpin gathering flowers,
Herſelf a fairer flow'r by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd, which coſt Ceres all that pain
To ſeek her through the world; nor that ſweet grov
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inſpir'd
Caſtalian ſpring, might with this Paradiſe
Of Eden ſtrive; nor that Nyſeian ile
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
Hid Amalthea and her florid ſon
Young Bacchus from his ſtepdame Rhea's eye;
Nor where Abaſſin kings their iſſue guard,
Mount Amara, though this by ſome ſuppos'd
True Paradiſe under the Ethiop line
By Nilus head, inclos'd with ſhining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Aſſyrian garden, where the Fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures new to ſight and ſtrange.
Two of far nobler ſhape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honor clad
In naked majeſty ſeem'd lords of all,
And worthy ſeem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker ſhone,

Tr

Truth, wiſdom, ſanctitude ſevere and pure,
(Severe but in true filial freedom plac'd)
Whence true authority in men; though both
Not equal, as their ſex not equal ſeem'd;
For contemplation he and valor form'd,
For ſoftneſs ſhe and ſweet attractive grace,
He for God only, ſhe for God in him:
His fair large front and eye ſublime declar'd
Abſolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Cluſtring, but not beneath his ſhoulders broad:
She as a veil down to the ſlender waſte
Her unadorned golden treſſes wore
Diſhevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle ſway,
And by her yielded, by him beſt receiv'd,
Yielded with coy ſubmiſſion, modeſt pride,
And ſweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor thoſe myſterious parts were then conceal'd,
Then was not guilty ſhame, diſhoneſt ſhame
Of nature's works, honor diſhonorable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With ſhows inſtead, mere ſhows of ſeeming pure,
And baniſh'd from man's life his happieſt life,
Simplicity and ſpotleſs innocence!
So paſs'd they naked on, nor ſhunn'd the ſight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in-hand they paſs'd, the lovelieſt pair
That ever ſince in love's embraces met;

Adam

Adam the goodlieſt man of men ſince born
His ſons, the faireſt of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of ſhade that on a green
Stood whiſp'ring ſoft, by a freſh fountain ſide
They ſat them down; and after no more toil
Of their ſweet gard'ning labor than ſuffic'd
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made eaſe
More eaſy, wholſome thirſt and appetite
More grateful, to their ſupper fruits they fell,
Nectarin fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, ſide-long as they ſat recline
On the ſoft downy bank damaſk'd with flowers:
The ſavory pulp they chew, and in the rind
Still as they thirſted ſcoop the brimming ſtream;
Nor gentle purpoſe, nor endearing ſmiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beſeems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them friſking play'd
All beaſts of th' earth, ſince wild, and of all chaſe
In wood or wilderneſs, foreſt or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gambol'd before them; th' unwieldy elephant
To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd
His lithe proboſcis; cloſe the ſerpent ſly
Inſinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His breaded train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the graſs
Couch'd, and now fill'd with paſture gazing ſat,
Or bedward ruminating; for the ſun

Declin'd

Declin'd was haſting now with prone carreer
To th' ocean iles, and in th' aſcending ſcale
Of Heav'n the ſtars that uſher evening roſe:
When Satan ſtill in gaze, as firſt he ſtood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd ſpeech recover'd ſad.

O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!
Into our room of bliſs thus high advanc'd
Creatures of other mold, earth-born perhaps,
Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts purſue
With wonder, and could love, ſo lively ſhines
In them divine reſemblance, and ſuch grace
The hand that form'd them on their ſhape hath pour'd.
Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all theſe delights
Will vaniſh and deliver ye to woe,
More woe, the more your taſte is now of joy;
Happy, but for ſo happy ill ſecur'd
Long to continue, and this high ſeat your Heaven
Ill fenc'd for Heav'n to keep out ſuch a foe
As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied: League with you I ſeek,
And mutual amity ſo ſtrait, ſo cloſe,
That I with you muſt dwell, or you with me
Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not pleaſe,
Like this fair Paradiſe, your ſenſe, yet ſuch
Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me,
Which I as freely give; Hell ſhall unfold,
To entertain you two, her wideſt gates,

And ſend forth all her kings; there will be room,
Not like theſe narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd.
And ſhould I at your harmleſs innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reaſon juſt,
Honor and empire with revenge inlarg'd,
By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now
To do what elſe though damn'd I ſhould abhor.
So ſpake the Fiend, and with neceſſity,
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his deviliſh deeds.
Then from his lofty ſtand on that high tree
Down he alights among the ſportful herd
Of thoſe four-footed kinds, himſelf now one,
Now other, as their ſhape ſerv'd beſt his end
Nearer to view his prey, and uneſpy'd
To mark what of their ſtate he more might learn
By word or action mark'd: about them round
A lion now he ſtalks with fiery glare;
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath ſpy'd
In ſome purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Strait couches cloſe, then riſing changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who choſe his ground,
Whence ruſhing he might ſureſt ſeiſe them both
Grip'd in each paw: when Adam firſt of men
To firſt of women Eve thus moving ſpeech,
Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow.
Sole partner, and ſole part, of all theſe joys,
Dearer thyſelf than all; needs muſt the Power

That

That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite;
That rais'd us from the duſt and plac'd us here
In all this happineſs, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Ought whereof he hath need, he who requires
From us no other ſervice than to keep
This one, this eaſy charge, of all the trees
In Paradiſe that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taſte that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'ſt
God hath pronounc'd it death to taſte that tree,
The only ſign of our obedience left
Among ſo many ſigns of pow'r and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given
Over all other creatures that poſſeſs
Earth, air, and ſea. Then let us not think hard
One eaſy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave ſo large to all things elſe, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praiſe him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful taſk
To prune theſe growing plants, and tend theſe flowers,
Which were it toilſome, yet with thee were ſweet.
To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom
And from whom I was form'd fleſh of thy fleſh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide

And head, what thou haſt ſaid is juſt and right.
For we to him indeed all praiſes owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Præeminent by ſo much odds, while thou
Like conſort to thyſelf canſt no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from ſleep
I firſt awak'd, and found myſelf repos'd
Under a ſhade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought and how.
Not diſtant far from thence a murm'ring ſound
Of waters iſſued from a cave, and ſpread
Into a liquid plain, then ſtood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanſe of Heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me ſeem'd another ſky.
As I bent down to look, juſt oppoſite
A ſhape within the watry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I ſtarted back,
It ſtarted back; but pleas'd I ſoon return'd;
Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon with anſw'ring looks
Of ſympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain deſire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou ſeeſt,
What there thou ſeeſt, fair Creature, is thyſelf;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no ſhadow ſtays
Thy coming, and thy ſoft embraces, he
Whoſe image thou art; him thou ſhalt enjoy
Inſeparably

Inſeparably thine, to him ſhalt bear
Multitudes like thyſelf, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow ſtrait, invifibly thus led?
Till I eſpy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platan; yet methought leſs fair,
Leſs winning ſoft, leſs amiably mild,
Than that ſmooth watry image: back I turn'd;
Thou following cry'dſt aloud, Return fair Eve,
Whom fly'ſt thou? whom thou fly'ſt, of him thou art,
His fleſh, his bone; to give thee be'ing I lent
Out of my ſide to thee, neareſt my heart
Subſtantial life, to have thee by my ſide
Henceforth an individual ſolace dear;
Part of my ſoul I ſeek thee, and thee clame
My other half; with that thy gentle hand
Seis'd mine; I yielded, and from that time ſee
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wiſdom, which alone is truly fair.

So ſpake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek ſurrender, half embracing lean'd
On our firſt father; half her ſwelling breaſt
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her looſe treſſes hid: he in delight
Both of her beauty and ſubmiſſive charms
Smil'd with ſuperior love, as Jupiter
On Juno ſmiles, when he impregns the clouds
That ſhed May flow'rs; and preſs'd her matron lip
With kiſſes pure: aſide the *Devil* turn'd

For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
Ey'd them aſkance, and to himſelf thus plain'd.
Sight hateful, ſight tormenting! thus theſe two
Imparadis'd in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, ſhall enjoy their fill
Of bliſs on bliſs; while I to Hell am thruſt,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce deſire,
Among our other torments not the leaſt,
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths: all is not theirs it ſeems;
One fatal tree there ſtands of knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taſte: Knowledge forbidden?
Suſpicious, reaſonleſs. Why ſhould their Lord
Envy them that? can it be ſin to know?
Can it be death? and do they only ſtand
By ignorance? is that their happy ſtate,
The proof of their obedience and their faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds
With more deſire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with deſign
To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with Gods: aſpiring to be ſuch
They taſte and die: what likelier can enſue?
But firſt with narrow ſearch I muſt walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unſpy'd;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wand'ring Spi'rit of Heav'n by fountain ſide,
Or in thick ſhade retir'd, from him to draw

What

What further would be learn'd. Live while you may,
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleaſures, for long woes are to ſucceed.
So ſaying, his proud ſtep he ſcornful turn'd,
But with ſly circumſpection, and began
Through wood, through waſte, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.
Mean while in utmoſt longitude, where Heaven
With earth and ocean meets, the ſetting ſun
Slowly deſcended, and with right aſpect
Againſt the eaſtern gate of Paradiſe
Levell'd his evening rays: it was a rock
Of alabaſter, pil'd up to the clouds,
Conſpicuous far, winding with one aſcent
Acceſſible from earth, one entrance high;
The reſt was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it roſe, impoſſible to climb.
Betwixt theſe rocky pillars Gabriel ſat,
Chief of th' angelic guards, awaiting night;
About him exercis'd heroic games
Th' unarmed youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
Celeſtial armoury, ſhields, helms, and ſpears,
Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
On a ſun beam, ſwift as a ſhooting ſtar
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd
Impreſs the air, and ſhows the mariner
From what point of his compaſs to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haſte.
Gabriel, to thee thy courſe by lot hath given
Charge and ſtrict watch, that to this happy place

No evil thing approach or enter in.
This day at highth of noon came to my ſphere
A Spirit, zealous, as he ſeem'd, to know,
More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,
God's lateſt image: I deſcrib'd his way
Bent all on ſpeed, and mark'd his aery gate;
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he firſt lighted, ſoon diſcern'd his looks
Alien from Heav'n, with paſſions foul obſcur'd:
Mine eye purſued him ſtill, but under ſhade
Loſt ſight of him: one of the baniſh'd crew,
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raiſe
New troubles; him thy care muſt be to find.
To whom the winged warrior thus return'd.
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect ſight,
Amid the ſun's bright circle where thou ſitſt,
See far and wide: in at this gate none paſs
The vigilance here plac'd, but ſuch as come
Well known from Heav'n; and ſince meridian hour
No creature thence: if Spi'rit of other ſort,
So minded, have o'er-leap'd theſe earthy bounds
On purpoſe, hard thou know'ſt it to exclude
Spiritual ſubſtance with corporeal bar.
But if within the circuit of theſe walks,
In whatſoever ſhape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'ſt, by morrow dawning I ſhall know.
So promis'd he; and Uriel to his charge
Return'd on that bright beam, whoſe point now rais'd
Bore him ſlope downward to the ſun now fall'n
Beneath th' Azores; whether the prime orb,

Incredible

Incredible how ſwift, had thither roll'd
Diurnal, or this leſs volúbil earth,
By ſhorter flight to th' eaſt, had left him there
Arraying with reflected purple' and gold
The clouds that on his weſtern throne attend.
Now came ſtill evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her ſober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beaſt and bird,
They to their graſſy couch, theſe to their neſts
Were ſlunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous deſcant ſung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living ſaphirs: Heſperus, that led
The ſtarry hoſt, rode brighteſt, till the moon
Riſing in clouded majeſty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerleſs light,
And o'er the dark her ſilver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve; Fair Conſort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to reſt
Mind us of like repoſe, ſince God hath ſet
Labor and reſt, as day and night to men
Succeſſive; and the timely dew of ſleep
Now falling with ſoft ſlumbrous weight inclines
Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemploy'd, and leſs need reſt;
Man hath his daily work of body' or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.

To

To-morrow ere freſh morning ſtreak the eaſt
With firſt approach of light, we muſt be riſen,
And at our pleaſant labor, to reform
Yon flow'ry arbors, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our ſcant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Thoſe bloſſoms alſo, and thoſe dropping gums,
That lie beſtrown unſightly and unſmooth,
Aſk riddance, if we mean to tread with eaſe;
Mean while, as Nature wills, night bids us reſt.
To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorn'd.
My Author and Diſpoſer, what thou bidſt
Unargued I obey; ſo God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happieſt knowledge and her praiſe.
With thee converſing I forget all time;
All ſeaſons and their change, all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
With charm of earlieſt birds; pleaſant the ſun,
When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertil earth
After ſoft ſhow'rs; and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then ſilent night
With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair moon,
And theſe the gems of Heav'n, her ſtarry train:
But neither breath of morn, when ſhe aſcends
With charm of earlieſt birds; nor riſing ſun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,

Gliſt'ring

Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after showers:
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?
To whom our general ancestor reply'd.
Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eve,
These have their course to finish round the earth,
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise;
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things, which these soft fires
Not only inlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
That Heav'n would want spectators, God want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night: how often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,

Sole,

Sole, or reſponſive each to others note,
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With heav'nly touch of inſtrumental ſounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their ſongs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.
Thus talking hand in hand alone they paſs'd
On to their bliſsful bow'r; it was a place
Chos'n by the ſovran Planter, when he fram'd
All things to Man's delightful uſe; the roof
Of thickeſt covert was inwoven ſhade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf on either ſide
Acanthus, and each odorous buſhy ſhrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roſes, and jeſſamin,
Rear'd high their flouriſh'd heads between, and wrought
Moſaic; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more color'd than with ſtone
Of coſtlieſt emblem: other creature here,
Beaſt, bird, inſect, or worm, durſt enter none,
Such was their awe of Man. In ſhadier bower
More ſacred and ſequeſter'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never ſlept, nor Nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted. Here in cloſe receſs
With flowers, garlands, and ſweet-ſmelling herbs
Eſpouſed Eve deck'd firſt her nuptial bed,
And heav'nly quires the hymenæan ſung,
What day the genial Angel to our ſire

Brought

ht her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods
v'd with all their gifts, and O too like
event, when to th' unwiſer ſon
phet brought by Hermes, ſhe inſnar'd
ind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
m who had ſtole Jove's authentic fire.
us at their ſhady lodge arriv'd, both ſtood,
turn'd, and under open ſky ador'd
God that made both ſky, air, earth, and heaven,
h they beheld, the moon's reſplendent globe,
ſtarry pole: Thou alſo mad'ſt the night,
r omnipotent, and thou the day,
h we in our appointed work employ'd
finiſh'd, happy in our mutual help
nutual love, the crown of all our bliſs
n'd by thee, and this delicious place
s too large, where thy abundance wants
cers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
ıou haſt promis'd from us two a race
l the earth, who ſhall with us extol
goodneſs infinite, both when we wake,
when we ſeek, as now, thy gift of ſleep,
is ſaid unanimous, and other rites
ving none, but adoration pure
h God likes beſt, into their inmoſt bower
ed they went; and eas'd the putting off
troubleſome diſguiſes which we wear,
ſide by ſide were laid; nor turn'd I ween
ı from his fair ſpouſe, nor Eve the rites

Myſterious

Myſterious of connubial love refus'd:
Whatever hypocrites auſterely talk
Of purity and place and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to ſome, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increaſe; who bids abſtain
But our Deſtroyer, foe to God and Man?
Hail wedded Love, myſterious law, true ſource
Of human offspring, ſole propriety
In Paradiſe of all things common elſe.
By thee adult'rous luſt was driv'n from men
Among the beſtial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reaſon, loyal, juſt, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, ſon, and brother, firſt were known.
Far be it, that I ſhould write thee ſin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holieſt place,
Perpetual fountain of domeſtic ſweets
Whoſe bed is undefil'd and chaſte pronounc'd,
Preſent, or paſt, as ſaints and patriarchs us'd.
Here love his golden ſhafts employs, here lights
His conſtant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought ſmile
Of harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unindear'd,
Caſual fruition; nor in court amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton maſk, or midnight ball,
Or ſerenate, which the ſtarv'd lover ſings
To his proud fair, beſt quitted with diſdain.
Theſe lull'd by nightingales embracing ſlept,
And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof

Show'rd

Show'rd roſes, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Bleſt pair; and O yet happieſt, if ye ſeek
No happier ſtate, and know to know no more.
Now had night meaſur'd with her ſhadowy cone
Half way up hill this vaſt ſublunar vault,
And from their ivory port the Cherubim
Forth iſſuing at th' accuſtom'd hour ſtood arm'd
To their night watches in warlike parade,
When Gabriel to his next in pow'r thus ſpake.
Uzziel, half theſe draw off, and coaſt the ſouth
With ſtricteſt watch; theſe other wheel the north;
Our circuit meets full weſt. As flame they part,
Half wheeling to the ſhield, half to the ſpear.
From theſe, two ſtrong and ſubtle Spi'rits he call'd
That near him ſtood, and gave them thus in charge.
Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd ſpeed
Search through this garden, leave unſearch'd no nook;
But chiefly where thoſe two fair creatures lodge,
Now laid perhaps aſleep ſecure of harm.
This evening from the ſun's decline arriv'd
Who tells of ſome infernal Spirit ſeen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) eſcap'd
The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:
Such where ye find, ſeiſe faſt, and hither bring.
So ſaying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazling the moon; theſe to the bow'r direct
In ſearch of whom they ſought: him there they found
Squat like a toad, cloſe at the ear of Eve,
Aſſaying by his deviliſh art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge

Illuſions

Illuſions as he liſt, phantaſms and dreams,
Or if, inſpiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal ſpirits that from pure blood ariſe
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raiſe
At leaſt diſtemper'd, diſcontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate deſires,
Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his ſpear
Touch'd lightly; for no falſhood can indure
Touch of celeſtial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeneſs: up he ſtarts
Diſcover'd and ſurpris'd. As when a ſpark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun ſome magazine to ſtore
Againſt a rumor'd war, the ſmutty grain
With ſudden blaze diffus'd inflames the air:
So ſtarted up in his own ſhape the Fiend.
Back ſtept thoſe two fair Angels half amaz'd
So ſudden to behold the griſly king;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accoſt him ſoon.
Which of thoſe rebel Spi'rits adjudg'd to Hell
Com'ſt thou, eſcap'd thy priſon? and transform'd,
Why ſatſt thou like an enemy in wait,
Here watching at the head of theſe that ſleep?
Know ye not then, ſaid Satan fill'd with ſcorn,
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there ſitting where ye durſt not ſoar:
Not to know me argues yourſelves unknown,
The loweſt of your throng; or if ye know,
Why aſk ye, and ſuperfluous begin

Your

Your meſſage, like to end as much in vain?
To whom thus Zephon, anſw'ring ſcorn with ſcorn.
Think not, revolted Spi'rit, thy ſhape the ſame,
Or undiminiſh'd brightneſs to be known,
As when thou ſtood'ſt in Heav'n upright and pure;
That glory then, when thou no more waſt good,
Departed from thee'; and thou reſembleſt now
Thy ſin and place of doom obſcure and foul.
But come, for thou, be ſure, ſhalt give account
To him who ſent us, whoſe charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and theſe from harm.
So ſpake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible: abaſh'd the Devil ſtood,
And felt how awful goodneſs is, and ſaw
Virtue' in her ſhape how lovely; ſaw, and pin'd
His loſs; but chiefly to find here obſerv'd
His luſtre viſibly impair'd; yet ſeem'd
Undaunted. If I muſt contend, ſaid he,
Beſt with the beſt, the ſender not the ſent,
Or all at once; more glory will be won,
Or leſs be loſt. Thy fear, ſaid Zephon bold,
Will ſave us trial what the leaſt can do
Single againſt thee wicked, and thence weak.
The Fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;
But, like a proud ſteed rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb: to ſtrive or fly
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd
His heart, not elſe diſmay'd. Now drew they nigh
The weſtern point, where thoſe half-rounding guards

Juſt met, and cloſing ſtood in ſquadron join'd,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief
Gabriël from the front thus call'd aloud.
O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Haſting this way, and now by glimpſe diſcern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the ſhade,
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded ſplendor wan; who by his gate
And fierce demeanour ſeems the prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without conteſt;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.
He ſcarce had ended, when thoſe two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
How buſied, in what form and poſture couch'd.
To whom with ſtern regard thus Gabriel ſpake.
Why haſt thou, Satan, broke the bounds preſcrib'd
To thy tranſgreſſions, and diſturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to tranſgreſs
By thy example, but have pow'r and right
To queſtion thy bold entrance on this place;
Employ'd it ſeems to violate ſleep, and thoſe
Whoſe dwelling God hath planted here in bliſs?
To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow.
Gabriel, thou hadſt in Heav'n th' eſteem of wiſe,
And ſuch I held thee; but this queſtion aſk'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break looſe from Hell,
Though thither doom'd? Thou wouldſt thyſelf, no
And boldly venture to whatever place [doubt,
Farthest from pain, where thou might'ſt hope to change
Torment

Torment with eaſe, and ſooneſt recompenſe
Dole with delight, which in this place I ſought;
To thee no reaſon, who know'ſt only good,
But evil haſt not try'd: and wilt object
His will who bound us? let him ſurer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our ſtay
In that dark durance: thus much what was aſk'd.
The reſt is true, they found me where they ſay;
But that implies not violence or harm.
Thus he in ſcorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,
Diſdainfully half ſmiling thus reply'd.
O loſs of one in Heav'n to judge of wiſe,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,
And now returns him from his priſon ſcap'd,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wiſe
Or not, who aſk what boldneſs brought him hither
Unlicenc'd from his bounds in Hell preſcrib'd;
So wiſe he judges it to fly from pain
However, and to ſcape his puniſhment.
So judge thou ſtill, preſumptuous, till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'ſt by flying, meet thy flight
Sev'nfold, and ſcourge that wiſdom back to Hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provok'd.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all Hell broke looſe? is pain to them
Leſs pain, leſs to be fled? or thou than they
Leſs hardy to indure? courageous Chief,
The firſt in flight from pain, hadſt thou alledg'd
To thy deſerted hoſt this cauſe of flight,

Thou ſurely hadſt not come ſole fugitive.
To which the Fiend thus anſwer'd frowning ſtern.
Not that I leſs indure, or ſhrink from pain,
Inſulting Angel; well thou know'ſt I ſtood
Thy fierceſt, when in battel to thy aid
The blaſting volied thunder made all ſpeed,
And ſeconded thy elſe not dreaded ſpear.
But ſtill thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behoves
From hard aſſays and ill ſucceſſes paſt
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himſelf untry'd:
I therefore, I alone firſt undertook
To wing the deſolate abyſs, and ſpy
This new created world, whereof in Hell
Fame is not ſilent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
To ſettle here on earth, or in mid air;
Though for poſſeſſion put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare againſt;
Whoſe eaſier buſineſs were to ſerve their Lord
High up in Heav'n, with ſongs to hymn his throne,
And practis'd diſtances to cringe, not fight.
To whom the warrior Angel ſoon reply'd.
To ſay and ſtrait unſay, pretending firſt
Wiſe to fly pain, profeſſing next the ſpy,
Argues no leader but a liar trac'd,
Satan, and couldſt thou faithful add? O name,
O ſacred name of faithfulneſs profan'd!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?

Army

Army of Fiends, fit body to fit head.
Was this your diſcipline and faith engag'd,
Your military obedience, to diſſolve
Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Power ſupreme?
And thou, ſly hypocrite, who now wouldſt ſeem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and ſervily ador'd
Heav'n's awful monarch? wherefore but in hope
To diſpoſſeſs him, and thyſelf to reign?
But mark what I arreed thee now, Avant;
Fly thither whence thou fledſt: if from this hour
Within theſe hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,
And ſeal thee ſo, as henceforth not to ſcorn
The facil gates of Hell too ſlightly barr'd.
So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage reply'd.
Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,
Proud limitary Cherub, but ere then
Far heavier load thyſelf expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's king
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Us'd to the yoke, draw'ſt his triumphant wheels
In progreſs through the road of Heav'n ſtar-pav'd.
While thus he ſpake, th' angelic ſquadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, ſharp'ning in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported ſpears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres ripe for harveſt waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind

Sways them; the careful plowman doubting ſtands,
Leſt on the threſhing floor his hopeful ſheaves
Prove chaff. On t'other ſide Satan alarm'd
Collecting all his might dilated ſtood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:
His ſtature reach'd the ſky, and on his creſt
Sat horror plum'd; nor wanted in his graſp
What ſeem'd both ſpear and ſhield: now dreadful deeds
Might have enſu'd, nor only Paradiſe
In this commotion, but the ſtarry cope
Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the elements
At leaſt had gone to wrack, diſturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not ſoon
Th' Eternal to prevent ſuch horrid fray
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden ſcales, yet ſeen
Betwixt Aſtrea and the Scorpion ſign,
Wherein all things created firſt he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth with balanc'd air
In counterpoiſe, now ponders all events,
Battels and realms: in theſe he put two weights
The ſequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;
Which Gabriel ſpying, thus beſpake the Fiend.
Satan, I know thy ſtrength, and thou know'ſt mine;
Neither our own, but giv'n: what folly then
To boaſt what arms can do? ſince thine no more
Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celeſtial ſign,
Where thou art weigh'd, and ſhown how light, how weak,

If

If thou reſiſt. The Fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted ſcale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murm'ring, and with him fled the ſhades of night.

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE

FIFTH BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approach'd, Eve relates to Adam her troubleſome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to their day labors: Their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God to render man inexcuſable ſends Raphael to admoniſh him of his obedience, of his free eſtate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever elſe may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradiſe, his appearance deſcrib'd, his coming diſcern'd by Adam afar off ſitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choiceſt fruits of Paradiſe got together by Eve; their diſcourſe at table: Raphael performs his meſſage, minds Adam of his ſtate and of his enemy; relates at Adam's requeſt who that enemy is, and how he came to be ſo, beginning from his firſt revolt in Heaven, and the occaſion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, perſuading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in argument diſſuades and oppoſes him, then forſakes him.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

NOW morn her roſy ſteps in th' eaſtern clime
Advancing, ſow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, ſo cuſtom'd, for his ſleep
Was aery light from pure digeſtion bred,
And temp'rate vapors bland, which th' only ſound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly diſpers'd, and the ſhrill matin ſong
Of birds on every bough; ſo much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With treſſes diſcompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet reſt: he on his ſide
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or aſleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand ſoft touching, whiſper'd thus. Awake
My faireſt, my eſpous'd, my lateſt found,
Heav'n's laſt beſt gift, my ever new delight,
Awake; the morning ſhines, and the freſh field
Calls us; we loſe the prime, to mark how ſpring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,

What

What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colors, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid ſweet.
Such whiſp'ring wak'd her, but with ſtartled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus ſhe ſpake.
O ſole in whom my thoughts find all repoſe,
My glory, my perfection, glad I ſee
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night
(Such night till this I never paſs'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day paſt, or morrow's next deſign,
But of offenſe and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irkſome night: methought
Cloſe at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it ſaid,
Why ſleep'ſt thou, Eve? now is the pleaſant time,
The cool, the ſilent, ſave where ſilence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes ſweeteſt his love-labor'd ſong; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleaſing light
Shadowy ſets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's deſire?
In whoſe ſight all things joy, with raviſhment
Attracted by thy beauty ſtill to gaze.
I roſe as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I paſs'd through ways
That brought me on a ſudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it ſeem'd,

Much

Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
And as I wond'ring look'd, beſide it ſtood
One ſhap'd and wing'd like one of thoſe from Heaven
By us oft ſeen; his dewy locks diſtill'd
Ambroſia; on that tree he alſo gaz'd;
And O fair plant, ſaid he, with fruit ſurcharg'd,
Deigns none to eaſe thy load and taſte thy ſweet,
Nor God, nor Man? is knowledge ſo deſpis'd? 60
Or envy' or what reſerve forbids to taſte?
Forbid who will, none ſhall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good, why elſe ſet here?
This ſaid, he paus'd not, but with ventrous arm
He pluck'd, he taſted; me damp horror chill'd 65
At ſuch bold words vouch'd with a deed ſo bold:
But he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyſelf, but much more ſweet thus cropt,
Forbidden here, it ſeems, as only fit
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men: 70
And why not Gods of Men, ſince good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The author not impair'd, but honor'd more?
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
Partake thou alſo; happy though thou art, 75
Happier thou may'ſt be, worthier canſt not be:
Taſte this, and be henceforth among the Gods
Thyſelf a Goddeſs, not to earth confin'd,
But ſometimes in the air, as we, ſometimes
Aſcend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and ſee 80
What life the Gods live there, and ſuch live thou.
So ſaying, he drew nigh, and to me held,

Ev'n

Ev'n to my mouth of that ſame fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd; the pleaſant ſavory ſmell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taſte. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outſtretch'd immenſe, a proſpect wide
And various: wondring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; ſuddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, ſunk down,
And fell aſleep; but O how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam anſwer'd ſad.
Beſt image of myſelf and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in ſleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil ſprung I fear;
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know that in the ſoul
Are many leſſer faculties, that ſerve
Reaſon as chief; among theſe fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful ſenſes repreſent,
She forms imaginations, aery ſhapes,
Which reaſon joining or disjoining, frames
All what we' affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell when nature reſts.
Oft in her abſence mimic fancy wakes
To imitate her; but misjoining ſhapes,
Wild works produces oft, and moſt in dreams,

Ill matching words and deeds long paſt or late.
Some ſuch reſemblances methinks I find
Of our laſt evening's talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition ſtrange; yet be not ſad.
Evil into the Mind of God or Man
May come and go, ſo unapprov'd, and leave
No ſpot or blame behind: Which gives me hope
That what in ſleep thou didſt abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt conſent to do.
Be not diſhearten'd then, nor cloud thoſe looks,
That wont to be more chearful and ſerene,
Than when fair morning firſt ſmiles on the world;
And let us to our freſh employments riſe
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers
That open now their choiceſt boſom'd ſmells,
Reſerv'd from night, and kept for thee in ſtore.
So chear'd he his fair ſpouſe, and ſhe was chear'd,
But ſilently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready ſtood,
Each in their cryſtal fluce, he ere they fell
Kiſs'd, as the gracious ſigns of ſweet remorſe
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.
So all was clear'd, and to the field they haſte.
But firſt, from under ſhady arbo'rous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open ſight
Of day-ſpring, and the ſun, who ſcarce up riſen,
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
Diſcovering in wide landſkip all the eaſt

Of

Of Paradiſe and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their oriſons, each morning duly paid
In various ſtile; for neither various ſtile
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praiſe
Their Maker, in fit ſtrains pronounc'd or ſung
Unmeditated, ſuch prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in proſe or numerous verſe,
More tuneable than needed lute or harp
To add more ſweetneſs; and they thus began.

Theſe are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyſelf how wondrous then!
Unſpeakable, who ſitſt above theſe heavens
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works; yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with ſongs
And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without end.
Faireſt of ſtars, laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praiſe him in thy ſphere,
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and ſoul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, ſound his praiſe

In

In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fall'ſt.
Moon, that now meet'ſt the orient ſun, now fly'ſt,
With the fix'd ſtars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In myſtic dance not without ſong, reſound
His praiſe, who out of darkneſs call'd up light.
Air, and ye Elements, the eldeſt birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nouriſh all things; let your ceaſeleſs change
Vary to our great Maker ſtill new praiſe.
Ye Miſts and Exhalations that now riſe
From hill or ſteaming lake, duſky or gray,
Till the ſun paint your fleecy ſkirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author riſe,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolor'd ſky,
Or wet the thirſty earth with falling ſhowers,
Riſing or falling ſtill advance his praiſe.
His praiſe, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every plant, in ſign of worſhip wave.
Fountains and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praiſe.
Join voices, all ye living Souls: ye Birds,
That ſinging up to Heaven gate aſcend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praiſe.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep;
Witneſs if I be ſilent, morn or even,

To hill or valley, fountain, or freſh ſhade
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught his praiſe.
Hail univerſal Lord, be bounteous ſtill
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark.
So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd ſoon and wonted calm.
On to their morning's rural work they haſte
Among ſweet dews and flow'rs; where any row
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitleſs embraces: or they led the vine
To wed her elm; ſhe ſpous'd about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dow'r th' adopted cluſters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
With pity Heav'n's high king, and to him call'd
Raphael, the ſociable Spi'rit, that deign'd
To travel with Tobias, and ſecur'd
His marriage with the ſev'ntimes-wedded maid.
Raphael, ſaid he, thou hear'ſt what ſtir on Earth
Satan from Hell ſcap'd through the darkſome gulf
Hath rais'd in Paradiſe, and how diſturb'd
This night the human pair, how he deſigns
In them at once to ruin all mankind.
Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converſe with Adam, in what bow'r or ſhade
Thou find'ſt him from the heat of noon retir'd,
To reſpit his day-labor with repaſt,

Or

Or with repoſe; and ſuch diſcourſe bring on,
As may adviſe him of his happy ſtate,
Happineſs in his pow'r left free to will,
Left to his own free will, his will though free,
Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware
He ſwerve not too ſecure: tell him withal
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,
Late fall'n himſelf from Heav'n, is plotting now
The fall of others from like ſtate of bliſs;
By violence? no, for that ſhall be withſtood;
But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
Left wilfully tranſgreſſing he pretend
Surpriſal, unadmoniſh'd, unforewarn'd.

So ſpake th' eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All juſtice: nor delay'd the winged Saint
After his charge receiv'd: but from among
Thouſand celeſtial Ardors, where he ſtood
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up ſpringing light
Flew through the midſt of Heav'n; th' angelic quires,
On each hand parting, to his ſpeed gave way
Through all th' empyreal road; till at the gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate ſelf-open'd wide
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the ſovran Architect had fram'd.
From hence no cloud, or, to obſtruct his ſight,
Star interpos'd, however ſmall he ſees,
Not unconform to other ſhining globes,
Earth and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd
Above all hills. As when by night the glaſs
Of Galileo, leſs aſſur'd, obſerves

Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon:
Or pilot, from amidſt the Cyclades
Delos or Samos firſt appearing, kens
A cloudy ſpot. Down thither prone in flight
He ſpeeds, and through the vaſt ethereal ſky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with ſteddy wing
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air; till within ſoar
Of tow'ring eagles, to' all the fowls he ſeems
A Phœnix, gaz'd by all, as that ſole bird,
When to inſhrine his reliques in the ſun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on th' eaſtern cliff of Paradiſe
He lights, and to his proper ſhape returns
A Seraph wing'd; ſix wings he wore, to ſhade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each ſhoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breaſt
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a ſtarry zone his waſte, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colors dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's ſon he ſtood,
And ſhook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the bands
Of Angels under watch; and to his ſtate,
And to his meſſage high in honor riſe;
For on ſome meſſage high they gueſs'd him bound.
Their glittering tents he paſs'd, and now is come
Into the bliſsful field, through groves of myrrh,

And

And flow'ring odors, caſſia, nard, and balm;
A wilderneſs of ſweets; for Nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more ſweet,
Wild above rule or art; enormous bliſs.
Him through the ſpicy foreſt onward come
Adam diſcern'd, as in the door he ſat
Of his cool bow'r, while now the mounted ſun
Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm
Earth's inmoſt womb, more warmth than Adam needs:
And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd
For dinner ſavory fruits, of taſte to pleaſe
True appetite, and not diſreliſh thirſt
Of nectarous draughts between, from milky ſtream,
Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam call'd.

Haſte hither Eve, and worth thy ſight behold
Eaſtward among thoſe trees, what glorious ſhape
Comes this way moving; ſeems another morn
Ris'n on mid-noon; ſome great beheſt from Heaven
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchſafe
This day to be our gueſt. But go with ſpeed,
And what thy ſtores contain, bring forth, and pour
Abundance, fit to honor and receive
Our heav'nly ſtranger: well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large beſtow
From large beſtow'd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertil growth, and by diſburd'ning grows
More fruitful, which inſtructs us not to ſpare.

To whom thus Eve. Adam, earth's hallow'd mold,
Of God inſpir'd, ſmall ſtore will ſerve, where ſtore,

All ſeaſons, ripe for uſe hangs on the ſtalk;
Save what by frugal ſtoring firmneſs gains
To nouriſh, and ſuperfluous moiſt conſumes:
But I will haſte, and from each bough and brake,
Each plant and jucieſt gourd, will pluck ſuch choice
To entertain our Angel gueſt, as he
Beholding ſhall confeſs, that here on Earth
God hath diſpens'd his bounties as in Heaven.
So ſaying, with diſpatchful looks in haſte
She turns, on hoſpitable thoughts intent
What choice to chooſe for delicacy beſt,
What order, ſo contriv'd as not to mix
Taſtes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taſte after taſte upheld with kindlieſt change;
Beſtirs her then, and from each tender ſtalk
Whatever Earth all-bearing mother yields
In India Eaſt or Weſt, or middle ſhore
In Pontus or the Punic coaſt, or where
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or ſmooth rin'd, or bearded huſk, or ſhell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unſparing hand; for drink the grape
She cruſhes, inoffenſive muſt, and meaths
From many a berry', and from ſweet kernels preſs'd
She tempers dulcet creams, nor theſe to hold
Wants her fit veſſels pure, then ſtrows the ground
With roſe and odors from the ſhrub unfum'd.
Mean while our primitive great ſire, to meet
His God-like gueſt, walks forth, without more train
Accompanied than with his own complete
Perfections;

Perfections; in himſelf was all his ſtate,
More ſolemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue long
Of horſes led, and grooms beſmear'd with gold,
Dazles the croud, and ſets them all agape.
Nearer his preſence Adam though not aw'd,
Yet with ſubmiſs approach and reverence meek,
As to' a ſuperior nature, bowing low,
Thus ſaid. Native of Heav'n, for other place
None can than Heav'n ſuch glorious ſhape contain;
Since by deſcending from the thrones above,
Thoſe happy places thou haſt deign'd a while
To want, and honor theſe, vouchſafe with us
Two' only, who yet by ſovran gift poſſeſs
This ſpacious ground, in yonder ſhady bower
To reſt, and what the garden choiceſt bears
To ſit and taſte, till this meridian heat
Be.over, and the ſun more cool decline.

Whom thus th' angelic Virtue anſwer'd mild.
Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou ſuch
Created, or ſuch place haſt here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though Spi'rits of Heaven,
To viſit thee; lead on then where thy bower
O'erſhades; for theſe mid-hours, till evening riſe,
I have at will. So to the ſylvan lodge
They came, that like Pomona's arbor ſmil'd
With flow'rets deck'd and fragrant ſmells; but Eve
Undeck'd ſave with herſelf, more lovely fair
Than Wood-Nymph, or the faireſt Goddeſs feign'd
Of three that in mount Ida naked ſtrove,

Stood to' entertain her gueſt from Heav'n; no veil
She needed, virtue-proof; no thought infirm
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the Angel Hail
Beſtow'd, the holy ſalutation us'd
Long after to bleſt Mary, ſecond Eve.

Hail Mother of Mankind, whoſe fruitful womb
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy ſons,
Than with theſe various fruits the trees of God
Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of graſſy turf
Their table was, and moſſy ſeats had round,
And on her ample ſquare from ſide to ſide
All autumn pil'd, though ſpring and autumn here
Danc'd hand in hand. A while diſcourſe they hold;
No fear leſt dinner cool; when thus began
Our author. Heav'nly ſtranger, pleaſe to taſte
Theſe bounties, which our Nouriſher, from whom
All perfect good, unmeaſur'd out, deſcends,
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd
The earth to yield; unſavory food perhaps
To ſpiritual natures; only this I know,
That one celeſtial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives
(Whoſe praiſe be ever ſung) to Man in part
Spiritual, may of pureſt Spi'rits be found
No' ingrateful food: and food alike thoſe pure
Intelligential ſubſtances require,
As doth your rational; and both contain
Within them every lower faculty
Of ſenſe, whereby they hear, ſee, ſmell, touch, taſte,
Taſting concoct, digeſt, aſſimilate,

And

And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs
To be ſuſtain'd and fed; of elements
The groſſer feeds the purer, earth the ſea,
Earth and the ſea feed air, the air thoſe fires
Ethereal, and as loweſt firſt the moon;
Whence in her viſage round thoſe ſpots, unpurg'd
Vapors not yet into her ſubſtance turn'd.
Nor doth the moon no nouriſhment exhale
From her moiſt continent to higher orbs.
The ſun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompenſe
In humid exhalations, and at even
Sups with the ocean. Though in Heav'n the trees
Of life ambroſial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar; though from off the boughs each morn
We bruſh mellifluous dews, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here
Varied his bounty ſo with new delights,
As may compare with Heaven; and to taſte
Think not I ſhall be nice. So down they ſat,
And to their viands fell; nor ſeemingly
The Angel, nor in miſt, the common gloſs
Of Theologians; but with keen diſpatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To tranſubſtantiate: what redounds, tranſpires
Through Spi'rits with eaſe; nor wonder; if by fire
Of ſooty coal th' empiric alchemiſt
Can turn, or holds it poſſible to turn,
Metals of droſſieſt ore to perfect gold

As

As from the mine. Mean while at table Eve
Miniſter'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleaſant liquors crown'd: O innocence
Deſerving Paradiſe! if ever, then,
Then had the ſons of God excuſe to' have been
Enamour'd at that ſight; but in thoſe hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealouſy
Was underſtood, the injur'd lover's Hell.
Thus when with meats and drinks they had ſuffic'd,
Not burden'd nature, ſudden mind aroſe
In Adam, not to let th' occaſion paſs
Giv'n him by this great conference to know
Of things above his world, and of their being
Who dwell in Heav'n, whoſe excellence he ſaw
Tranſcend his own ſo far, whoſe radiant forms
Divine effulgence, whoſe high pow'r ſo far
Exceeded human, and his wary ſpeech
Thus to th' empyreal miniſter he fram'd.
Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favor, in this honor done to Man,
Under whoſe lowly roof thou haſt vouchſaf'd
To enter, and theſe earthly fruits to taſte,
Food not of Angels, yet accepted ſo,
As that more willingly thou couldſt not ſeem
At Heav'n's high feaſts to' have fed: yet what compare?
To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd.
O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not deprav'd from good, created all
Such to perfection, one firſt matter all,

Indued

Indued with various forms, various degrees
Of ſubſtance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more ſpiritous, and pure,
As nearer to him plac'd or nearer tending
Each in their ſeveral active ſpheres aſſign'd,
Till body up to ſpirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green ſtalk, from thence the leaves
More aery, laſt the bright conſummate flower
Spirits odórous breathes: flow'rs and their fruit,
Man's nouriſhment, by gradual ſcale ſublim'd,
To vital ſpi'rits aſpire, to animal,
To intellectual; give both life and ſenſe,
Fancy and underſtanding; whence the ſoul
Reaſon receives, and reaſon is her being,
Diſcurſive, or intuitive; diſcourſe
Is oftest yours, the latter moſt is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the ſame.
Wonder not then, what God for you ſaw good
If I refuſe not, but convert, as you,
To proper ſubſtance: time may come, when Men
With Angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient di'et, nor too light fare;
And from theſe corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at laſt turn all to ſpirit,
Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd aſcend
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
Here or in heav'nly Paradiſes dwell;
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire,

Whoſe

Whoſe progeny you are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happineſs this happy ſtate
Can comprehend, incapable of more.
To whom the patriarch of mankind reply'd.
O favourable Spi'rit, propitious gueſt,
Well haſt thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the ſcale of nature ſet
From center to circumference, whereon
In contemplation of created things
By ſteps we may aſcend to God. But ſay,
What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found
Obedient? can we want obedience then
To him, or poſſibly his love deſert,
Who form'd us from the duſt, and plac'd us here
Full to the utmoſt meaſure of what bliſs
Human deſires can ſeek or apprehend?
To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth,
Attend: That thou art happy, owe to God;
That thou continueſt ſuch, owe to thyſelf,
That is, to thy obedience; therein ſtand.
This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to perſevere
He left it in thy pow'r; ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
Inextricable, or ſtrict neceſſity:
Our voluntary ſervice he requires,
Not our neceſſitated; ſuch with him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they ſerve
Willing

ng or no, who will but what they muſt
ſtiny, and can no other chooſe?
f and all th' angelic hoſt, that ſtand
nt of God enthron'd, our happy ſtate
as you yours, while our obedience holds;
her ſurety none; freely we ſerve,
ſe we freely love, as in our will
ve or not; in this we ſtand or fall:
ome are fall'n, to diſobedience fall'n,
o from Heav'n to deepeſt Hell; O fall
what high ſtate of bliſs into what woe!
whom our great progenitor. Thy words
tive, and with more delighted ear,
e inſtructor, I have heard, than when
bic ſongs by night from neighb'ring hills
l muſic ſend: nor knew I not
both will and deed created free;
at we never ſhall forget to love
Maker, and obey him whoſe command
: is yet ſo juſt, my conſtant thoughts
'd me', and ſtill aſſure: though what thou tell'ſt
paſs'd in Heav'n, ſome doubt within me move,
ore deſire to hear, if thou conſent,
ull relation, which muſt needs be ſtrange,
hy of ſacred ſilence to be heard;
we have yet large day, for ſcarce the ſun
finiſh'd half his journey', and ſcarce begins
ther half in the great zone of Heav'n.
us Adam made requeſt; and Raphaël
ſhort pauſe aſſenting, thus began.

High

High matter thou injoin'ſt me', O prime of men,
Sad taſk and hard; for how ſhall I relate
To human ſenſe th' inviſible exploits
Of warring Spirits? how without remorſe
The ruin of ſo many glorious once
And perfect while they ſtood? how laſt unfold
The ſecrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good
This is diſpens'd; and what ſurmounts the reach
Of human ſenſe, I ſhall delineate ſo,
By likening ſpiritual to corporal forms,
As may expreſs them beſt; though what if Earth
Be but the ſhadow' of Heav'n, and things therein
Each to' other like, more than on earth is thought?
As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild
Reign'd where theſe Heav'ns now roll, where Earth now reſts
Upon her center pois'd; when on a day
(For time, though in eternity, apply'd
To motion, meaſures all things durable
By preſent, paſt, and future) on ſuch day
As Heav'n's great year brings forth, th' empyreal hoſt
Of Angels by imperial ſummons call'd,
Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne
Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appear'd.
Under their Hierarchs in orders bright:
Ten thouſand thouſand enſigns high advanc'd,
Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear
Stream in the air, and for diſtinction ſerve
Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;
Or in their glittering tiſſues bear imblaz'd

Holy

ıemorials, acts of zeal and love
ed eminent. Thus when in orbs
uit inexpreſſible they ſtood,
thin orb, the Father infinite,
ɔm in bliſs imboſom'd ſat the Son,
: as from a flaming mount, whoſe top
ıeſs had made inviſible, thus ſpake.
· all ye Angels, progeny of light,
:s, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
ıy decree, which unrevok'd ſhall ſtand.
ay I have begot whom I declare
ly Son, and on this holy hill
ıve anointed, whom ye now behold
right hand; your head I him appoint;
y myſelf have ſworn to him ſhall bow
.ees in Heav'n, and ſhall confeſs him Lord:
his great vice-gerent reign abide
as one individual ſoul
er happy: Him who diſobeys,
ſobeys, breaks union, and that day,
ıt from God and bleſſed viſion, falls
ıtter darkneſs, deep ingulf'd, his place
ı'd without redemption, without end.
pake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
:m'd well pleas'd; all ſeem'd, but were not all.
lay, as other ſolemn days, they ſpent
g and dance about the ſacred hill;
:al dance, which yonder ſtarry ſphere
nets and of fix'd in all her wheels
bles neareſt, mazes intricate,

Eccentric,

Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
Then moſt, when moſt irregular they ſeem;
And in their motions harmony divine
So ſmooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
Liſtens delighted. Evening now approach'd
(For we have alſo' our evening and our morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need)
Forthwith from dance to ſweet repaſt they turn
Deſirous; all in circles as they ſtood,
Tables are ſet, and on a ſudden pil'd
With Angels food, and rubied nectar flows
In pearl, in diamond, and maſſy gold,
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven.
On flow'rs repos'd, and with freſh flow'rets crown'd,
They eat, they drink, and in communion ſweet
Quaff immortality and joy, ſecure
Of ſurfeit where full meaſure only bounds
Excæſs, before th' all-bounteous King, who ſhowr'd
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
Now when ambroſial night with clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light and ſhade
Spring both, the face of brighteſt Heav'n had chang'd
To grateful twilight (for night comes not there
In darker veil) and roſeat dews diſpos'd
All but th' unſleeping eyes of God to reſt;
Wide over all the plain, and wider far
Than all this globous earth in plain outſpread,
(Such are the courts of God) th' angelic throng,
Diſpers'd in bands and files, their camp extend
By living ſtreams among the trees of life,

Pavilions

Pavilions numberleſs, and ſudden rear'd,
Celeſtial tabernacles, where they ſlept
Fann'd with cool winds; ſave thoſe who in their courſe
Melodious hymns about the ſovran throne
Alternate all night long: but not ſo wak'd
Satan; ſo call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the firſt,
If not the firſt Arch-Angel, great in power,
In favor and præeminence, yet fraught
With envy againſt the Son of God, that day
Honor'd by his great Father, and proclam'd
Meſſiah King anointed, could not bear
Through pride that ſight, and thought himſelf impair'd.
Deep malice thence conceiving and diſdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the duſky hour
Friendlieſt to ſleep and ſilence, he reſolv'd
With all his legions to diſlodge, and leave
Unworſhipt, unobey'd the throne ſupreme
Contemptuous, and his next ſubordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in ſecret ſpake.

Sleep'ſt thou, Companion dear, what ſleep can cloſe
Thy eye-lids? and remember'ſt what decree
Of yeſterday, ſo late hath paſs'd the lips
Of Heav'n's Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts
Waſt wont, I mine to thee was wont to' impart;
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy ſleep diſſent? New laws thou ſeeſt impos'd;
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raiſe
In us who ſerve, new counſels, to debate
What doubtful may enſue: more in this place

To utter is not ſafe. Aſſemble thou
Of all thoſe myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim night
Her ſhadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haſte,
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward with flying march where we poſſeſs
The quarters of the north; there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our king
The great Meſſiah, and his new commands,
Who ſpeedily through all the hierarchies
Intends to paſs triumphant, and give laws.
So ſpake the falſe Arch-Angel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwary breaſt
Of his aſſociate: he together calls,
Or ſeveral one by one, the regent Powers,
Under him regent; tells, as he was taught,
That the moſt High commanding, now ere night,
Now ere dim night had diſincumber'd Heaven,
The great hierarchal ſtandard was to move;
Tells the ſuggeſted cauſe, and caſts between
Ambiguous words and jealouſies, to ſound
Or taint integrity: but all obey'd
The wonted ſignal, and ſuperior voice
Of their great potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heaven;
His count'nance, as the morning ſtar that guides
The ſtarry flock, allur'd them, and with lies
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's hoſt.
Mean while th' eternal eye, whoſe ſight diſcerns
Abſtruſeſt thoughts, from forth his holy mount

And

And from within the golden lamps that burn
Nightly before him, ſaw without their light
Rebellion riſing, ſaw in whom, how ſpread
Among the ſons of morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppoſe his high decree;
And ſmiling to his only Son thus ſaid.
Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full reſplendence, Heir of all my might,
Nearly it now concerns us to be ſure
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we clame
Of deity or empire; ſuch a foe
Is riſing, who intends to' erect his throne
Equal to ours, throughout the ſpacious north;
Nor ſo content, hath in his thought to try
In battel, what our pow'r is, or our right.
Let us adviſe, and to this hazard draw
With ſpeed what force is left, and all employ
In our defenſe, leſt unawares we loſe
This our high place, our ſanctuary, our hill.
To whom the Son with calm aſpect and clear,
Lightning divine, ineffable, ſerene,
Made anſwer. Mighty Father, thou thy foes
Juſtly haſt in deriſion, and ſecure
Laugh'ſt at their vain deſigns and tumults vain,
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
Illuſtrates, when they ſee all regal power
Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event
Know whether I be dextrous to ſubdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worſt in Heaven.

So ſpake the Son; but Satan with his powers
Far was advanc'd on winged ſpeed, an hoſt
Innumerable as the ſtars of night,
Or ſtars of morning, dew-drops, which the ſun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Regions they paſs'd, the mighty regencies
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
In their triple degrees; regions to which
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the ſea, from one entire globoſe
Stretch'd into longitude; which having paſs'd
At length into the limits of the north
They came, and Satan to his royal ſeat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and towers
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold;
The palace of great Lucifer, (ſo call
That ſtructure in the dialect of men
Interpreted) which not long after, he
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Meſſiah was declar'd in ſight of Heaven,
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;
For thither he aſſembled all his train,
Pretending ſo commanded to conſult
About the great reception of their king,
Thither to come, and with calumnious art
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,

If

If theſe magnific titles yet remain
Not merely titular, ſince by decree
Another now hath to himſelf ingroſs'd
All pow'r, and us eclips'd under the name
Of King anointed, for whom all this haſte
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This only to conſult, how we may beſt
With what may be devis'd of honors new
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, proſtration vile,
Too much to one, but double how indur'd
To one and to his image now proclam'd?
But what if better counſels might erect
Our minds, and teach us to caſt off this yoke?
Will ye ſubmit your necks, and chooſe to bend
The ſupple knee? ye will not, if I truſt
To know ye right, or if ye know yourſelves
Natives and ſons of Heav'n poſſeſs'd before
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well conſiſt.
Who can in reaſon then or right aſſume
Monarchy over ſuch as live by right
His equals, if in pow'r and ſplendor leſs,
In freedom equal? or can introduce
Law and edict on us, who without law
Err not? much leſs for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration to th' abuſe
Of thoſe imperial titles, which aſſert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to ſerve.

Thus far his bold diſcourſe without controll
Had audience, when among the Seraphim
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd
The Deity', and divine commands obey'd,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal ſevere
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.
O argument blaſphémous, falſe and proud!
Words which no ear ever to hear in Heav'n
Expected, leaſt of all from thee, Ingrate,
In place thyſelf ſo high above thy peers.
Canſt thou with impious obloquy condemn
The juſt decree of God, pronounc'd and ſworn,
That to his only Son by right indued
With regal ſcepter, every ſoul in Heaven
Shall bend the knee, and in that honor due
Confeſs him rightful king? unjuſt, thou ſay'ſt,
Flatly unjuſt, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reign,
One over all with unſucceeded power.
Shalt thou give law to God, ſhalt thou diſpute
With him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and form'd the Pow'rs of Heaven
Such as he pleas'd, and circumſcrib'd their being?
Yet by experience taught we know how good,
And of our good and of our dignity
How provident he is, how far from thought
To make us leſs, bent rather to exalt
Our happy ſtate under one head more near
United. But to grant it thee unjuſt,
That equal over equals monarch reign:

Thyſelf

Thyſelf though great and glorious doſt thou count,
Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
Equal to him begotten Son? by whom
As by his Word the mighty Father made
All things, ev'n thee; and all the Spi'rits of Heaven
By him created in their bright degrees,
Crown'd them with glory', and to their glory nam'd
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
Eſſential Pow'rs; nor by his reign obſcur'd,
But more illuſtrious made; ſince he the head
One of our number thus reduc'd becomes;
His laws our laws; all honor to him done
Returns our own. Ceaſe then this impious rage,
And tempt not theſe; but haſten to appeaſe
Th' incenſed Father, and th' incenſed Son,
While pardon may be found in time beſought.
So ſpake the fervent Angel; but his zeal
None ſeconded, as out of ſeaſon judg'd,
Or ſingular and raſh, whereat rejoic'd
Th' Apoſtate, and more haughty thus reply'd.
That we were form'd then, ſay'ſt thou? and the work
Of ſecondary hands, by taſk transferr'd
From Father to his Son? ſtrange point and new!
Doctrin which we would know whence learn'd: who ſaw
When this creation was? remember'ſt thou
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us, ſelf-begot, ſelf-rais'd
By our own quick'ning pow'r, when fatal courſe
Had circled his full orb, the birth mature

Of this our native Heav'n, ethereal ſons.
Our puiſſance is our own; our own right hand
Shall teach us higheſt deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal: then thou ſhalt behold
Whether by ſupplication we intend
Addreſs, and to begirt th' almighty throne
Beſeeching or beſieging. This report,
Theſe tidings carry to th' anointed King;
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.
He ſaid, and as the ſound of waters deep
Hoarſe murmur echo'd to his words applauſe
Through the infinite hoſt; nor leſs for that
The flaming Seraph fearleſs, though alone
Incompaſs'd round with foes, thus anſwer'd bold.
O alienate from God, O Spi'rit accurs'd,
Forſaken of all good; I ſee thy fall
Determin'd, and thy hapleſs crew involv'd
In this perfidious fraud, contagion ſpread
Both of thy crime and puniſhment: henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God's Meſſiah; thoſe indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchſaf'd; other decrees
Againſt thee are gone forth without recall;
That golden ſcepter, which thou didſt reject,
Is now an iron rod to bruiſe and break
Thy diſobedience. Well thou didſt adviſe,
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
Theſe wicked tents devoted, leſt the wrath
Impendent, raging into ſudden flame
Diſtinguiſh not: for ſoon expect to feel

His

His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learn,
When who can uncreate thee thou ſhalt know.
So ſpake the Seraph Abdiel faithful found
Among the faithleſs, faithful only he;
Among innumerable falſe, unmov'd,
Unſhaken, unſeduc'd, unterrify'd,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To ſwerve from truth, or change his conſtant mind
Though ſingle. From amidſt them forth he paſs'd,
Long way through hoſtile ſcorn, which he ſuſtain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought;
And with retorted ſcorn his back he turn'd
On thoſe proud tow'rs to ſwift deſtruction doom'd.

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE

SIXTH BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were ſent forth to battel againſt Satan and his Angels. The firſt fight deſcrib'd: Satan and his Powers retire under night: He calls a council, invents deviliſh engins, which in the ſecond day's fight put Michael and his Angels to ſome diſorder: but they at length pulling up mountains overwhelm'd both the force and machines of Satan: Yet the tumult not ſo ending, God on the third day ſends MESSIAH his Son, for whom he had reſerv'd the glory of that victory: He in the power of his Father coming to the place, and cauſing all his legions to ſtand ſtill on either ſide, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midſt of his enemies, purſues them unable to reſiſt towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confuſion into the place of puniſhment prepar'd for them in the deep: MESSIAH returns with triumph to his Father.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

ALL night the dreadleſs Angel unpurſued
Through Heav'n's wide champain held his way; till
Wak'd by the circling hours, with roſy hand [morn,
Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, faſt by his throne,
Where light and darkneſs in perpetual round
Lodge and diſlodge by turns, which makes through
Grateful viciſſitude, like day and night; [Heaven
Light iſſues forth, and at the other door
Obſequious darkneſs enters, till her hour
To veil the Heav'n, though darkneſs there might well
Seem twilight here: and now went forth the morn
Such as in higheſt Heav'n, array'd in gold
Empyreal; from before her vaniſh'd night,
Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain
Cover'd with thick imbattel'd ſquadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery ſteeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze, firſt met his view:
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mix'd
Among thoſe friendly Pow'rs, who him receiv'd

With

With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of ſo many myriads fall'n, yet one
Return'd not loſt: On to the ſacred hill
They led him high applauded, and preſent
Before the ſeat ſupreme; from whence a voice
From midſt a golden cloud thus mild was heard.
Servant of God, well done, well haſt thou fought
The better fight, who ſingle haſt maintain'd
Againſt revolted multitudes the cauſe
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the teſtimony' of truth haſt borne
Univerſal reproach, far worſe to bear
Than violence; for this was all thy care,
To ſtand approv'd in ſight of God, though worlds
Judg'd thee perverſe: the eaſier conqueſt now
Remains thee, aided by this hoſt of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Than ſcorn'd thou didſt depart, and to ſubdue
By force, who reaſon for their law refuſe,
Right reaſon for their law, and for their king
Meſſiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go Michael of celeſtial armies prince,
And thou in military proweſs next
Gabriel, lead forth to battel theſe my ſons
Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints
By thouſands and by millions rang'd for fight,
Equal in number to that Godleſs crew
Rebellious; them with fire and hoſtile arms
Fearleſs aſſault, and to the brow of Heaven
Purſuing drive them out from God and bliſs

Into

Into their place of punishment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery Chaos to receive their fall.
So spake the sovran voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign
Of wrath awak'd; nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow:
At which command the Powers militant,
That stood for Heav'n, in mighty quadrat join'd
Of union irresistible, mov'd on
In silence their bright legions, to the sound
Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd
Heroic ardor to adventrous deeds
Under their God-like leaders, in the cause
Of God and his Messiah. On they move
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
Nor strait'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream divides
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the passive air upbore
Their nimble tread; as when the total kind
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came summon'd over Eden to receive
Their names of thee; so over many a tract
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last
Far in th' horizon to the north appear'd
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd
In battailous aspect, and nearer view
Bristled with upright beams innumerable

Of

Of rigid ſpears, and helmets throng'd, and ſhields
Various, with boaſtful argument portray'd,
The banded Pow'rs of Satan haſting on
With furious expedition; for they ween'd
That ſelf-ſame day by fight, or by ſurpriſe,
To win the mount of God, and on his throne
To ſet the envier of his ſtate, the proud
Aſpirer, but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain
In the mid way: though ſtrange to us it ſeem'd
At firſt, that Angel ſhould with Angel war,
And in fierce hoſting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in feſtivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as ſons of one great ſire
Hymning th' eternal Father: but the ſhout
Of battel now began, and ruſhing ſound
Of onſet ended ſoon each milder thought.
High in the midſt exalted as a God
Th' Apoſtate in his ſun-bright chariot ſat,
Idol of majeſty divine, inclos'd
With flaming Cherubim and golden ſhields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
'Twixt hoſt and hoſt but narrow ſpace was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Preſented ſtood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battel ere it join'd,
Satan with vaſt and haughty ſtrides advanc'd
Came towring, arm'd in adamant and gold;
Abdiel that fight endur'd not, where he ſtood
Among the mightieſt, bent on higheſt deeds,

And

And thus his own undaunted heart explores.
O Heav'n! that ſuch reſemblance of the Higheſt
Should yet remain, where faith and reälty
Remain not: wherefore ſhould not ſtrength and might
There fail where virtue fails, or weakeſt prove
Where boldeſt, though to fight unconquerable?
His puiſſance, truſting in th' Almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whoſe reaſon I have try'd
Unſound and falſe; nor is it ought but juſt,
That he who in debate of truth hath won
Should win in arms, in both diſputes alike
Victor; though brutiſh that contéſt and foul,
When reaſon hath to deal with force, yet ſo
Moſt reaſon is that reaſon overcome.
So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth ſtepping oppoſit, half way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens'd, and thus ſecurely him defy'd.
Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd
The highth of thy aſpiring unoppos'd,
The throne of God unguarded, and his ſide
Abandon'd at the terror of thy power
Or potent tongue: fool, not to think how vain
Againſt th' Omnipotent to riſe in arms;
Who out of ſmalleſt things could without end
Have rais'd inceſſant armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with ſolitary hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow
Unaided could have finiſh'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkneſs: but thou ſeeſt

All are not of thy train; there be who faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then
To thee not visible, when I alone
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all: my sect thou seest; now learn too late
How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.
Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askance
Thus answer'd. Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour
Of my revenge, first sought for thou return'st
From flight, seditious Angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provok'd, since first that tongue
Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose
A third part of the Gods, in synod met
Their deities to assert, who while they feel
Vigor divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me some plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest: this pause between
(Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know;
At first I thought that Liberty and Heaven
To heav'nly souls had been all one; but now
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Ministring Spi'rits, train'd up in feast and song;
Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heaven,
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove.
To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern reply'd.
Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find

Of

Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjuſtly thou deprav'ſt it with the name
Of ſervitude to ſerve whom God ordains,
Or Nature: God and Nature bid the ſame,
When he who rules is worthieſt, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is ſervitude,
To ſerve th' unwiſe, or him who hath rebell'd
Againſt his worthier, as thine now ſerve thee,
Thyſelf not free, but to thyſelf inthrall'd;
Yet lewdly dar'ſt our miniſtring upbraid.
Reign thou in Hell thy kingdom; let me ſerve
In Heav'n God ever bleſt, and his divine
Behеſts obey, worthieſt to be obey'd;
Yet chains in Hell, not realms expect: mean while
From me return'd, as erſt thou ſaidſt, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious creſt receive.
So ſaying, a noble ſtroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but ſo ſwift with tempeſt fell
On the proud creſt of Satan, that no ſight,
Nor motion of ſwift thought, leſs could his ſhield
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His maſſy ſpear upſtay'd; as if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way
Sidelong had puſh'd a mountain from his ſeat
Half ſunk with all his pines. Amazement ſeiz'd
The rebel Thrones, but greater rage to ſee
Thus foil'd their mightieſt; ours joy fill'd, and ſhout,
Preſage of victory, and fierce deſire
Of battel; whereat Michael bid ſound

Th' Arch-Angel trumpet; through the vaſt of Heaven
It ſounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hoſannah to the High'ſt: nor ſtood at gaze
The adverſe legions, nor leſs hideous join'd
The horrid ſhock: now ſtorming fury roſe,
And clamor ſuch as heard in Heav'n till now
Was never; arms on armour claſhing bray'd
Horrible diſcord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noiſe
Of conflict; over head the diſmal hiſs
Of fiery darts in flaming volies flew,
And flying vaulted either hoſt with fire.
So under fiery cope together ruſh'd
Both battels main, with ruinous aſſault
And inextinguiſhable rage; all Heaven
Reſounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth
Had to her center ſhook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought
On either ſide, the leaſt of whom could wield
Theſe elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of power
Army' againſt army numberleſs to raiſe
Dreadful combuſtion warring, and diſturb,
Though not deſtroy, their happy native ſeat;
Had not th' eternal King omnipotent
From his ſtrong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
And limited their might; though number'd ſuch
As each divided legion might have ſeem'd
A numerous hoſt, in ſtrength each armed hand
A legion, led in fight yet leader ſeem'd

Each

Each warrior ſingle as in chief, expert
When to advance, or ſtand, or turn the ſway
Of battel, open when, and when to cloſe
The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear; each on himſelf rely'd,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory: deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was ſpread
That war and various, ſometimes on firm ground
A ſtanding fight, then ſoaring on main wing
Tormented all the air; all air ſeem'd then
Conflicting fire: long time in even ſcale
The battel hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious pow'r had ſhown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the ſword of Michael ſmote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed ſway
Brandiſh'd aloft the horrid edge came down
Wide waſting; ſuch deſtruction to withſtand
He haſted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample ſhield,
A vaſt circumference: At his approach
The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toil
Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end
Inteſtin war in Heav'n, th' arch-foe ſubdu'd
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hoſtile frown
And viſage all inflam'd firſt thus began.
Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,

Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou ſeeſt
Theſe acts of hateful ſtrife, hateful to all,
Though heavieſt by juſt meaſure on thyſelf
And thy adherents: how haſt thou diſturb'd
Heav'n's bleſſed peace, and into nature brought
Miſery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion? how haſt thou inſtill'd
Thy malice into thouſands, once upright
And faithful, now prov'd falſe? But think not here
To trouble holy reſt; Heav'n caſts thee out
From all her confines. Heav'n the ſeat of bliſs
Brooks not the works of violence and war.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging ſword begin thy doom,
Or ſome more ſudden vengeance wing'd from God
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.
So ſpake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus
The Adverſary. Nor think thou with wind
Of aery threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canſt not. Haſt thou turn'd the leaſt of theſe
To flight, or if to fall, but that they riſe
Unvanquiſh'd, eaſier to tranſact with me
That thou ſhouldſt hope, imperious, and with threats
To chace me hence? err not that ſo ſhall end
The ſtrife which thou call'ſt evil, but we ſtile
The ſtrife of glory; which we mean to win,
Or turn this Heav'n itſelf into the Hell
Thou fableſt, here however to dwell free

If

If not to reign: mean while thy utmoſt force,
And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have ſought thee far and nigh.
They ended parle, and both addreſs'd for fight
Unſpeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on earth conſpicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to ſuch highth
Of Godlike pow'r? for likeſt Gods they ſeem'd,
Stood they or mov'd, in ſtature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.
Now wav'd their fiery ſwords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad ſuns their ſhields
Blaz'd oppoſit, while expectation ſtood
In horror; from each hand with ſpeed retir'd,
Where erſt was thickeſt fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field, unſafe within the wind
Of ſuch commotion; ſuch as, to ſet forth
Great things by ſmall, if nature's concord broke,
Among the conſtellations war were ſprung,
Two planets ruſhing from aſpect malign
Of fierceſt oppoſition in mid ſky
Should combat, and their jarring ſpheres confound.
Together both with next to' almighty arm
Up-lifted imminent, one ſtroke they aim'd
That might determin, and not need repeat,
As not of pow'r at once; nor odds appear'd
In might or ſwift prevention: but the ſword
Of Michael from the armoury of God
Was given him temper'd ſo, that neither keen

Nor ſolid might reſiſt that edge: it met
The ſword of Satan with ſteep force to ſmite
Deſcending, and in half cut ſheer; nor ſtay'd,
But with ſwift wheel reverſe, deep entring ſhar'd
All his right ſide: then Satan firſt knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; ſo ſore
The griding ſword with diſcontinuous wound
Paſs'd through him: but th' ethereal ſubſtance clos'd,
Not long diviſible; and from the gaſh
A ſtream of nectar'ous humor iſſuing flow'd
Sanguin, ſuch as celeſtial Spi'rits may bleed,
And all his armour ſtain'd ere while ſo bright.
Forthwith on all ſides to his aid was run
By Angels many and ſtrong, who interpos'd
Defenſe, while others bore him on their ſhields
Back to his chariot, where it ſtood retir'd
From off the files of war; there they him laid
Gnaſhing for anguiſh and deſpite and ſhame,
To find himſelf not matchleſs, and his pride
Humbled by ſuch rebuke, ſo far beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet ſoon he heal'd; for Spi'rits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all ſenſe; and as they pleaſe,
They limb themſelves, and color, ſhape or ſize
Aſſume,

Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.
Meant while in other parts like deeds deserv'd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch furious king; who him defy'd,
And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heaven
Refrain'd his tongue blasphémous; but anon
Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and Raphaël his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquish'd Adramelech, and Asmadai,
Two potent thrones, that to be less than Gods
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and mail.
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow
Ariel and Arioch, and the violence
Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted overthrew.
I might relate of thousands, and their names
Eternize here on earth; but those elect
Angels, contented with their fame in Heaven,
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,
In might though wondrous and in acts of war,
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred memory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
For strength from truth divided and from just,
Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise

And

And ignominy, yet to glory aſpires
Vain-glorious, and through infamy ſeeks fame:
Therefore eternal ſilence be their doom.
And now their mightieſt quell'd, the battel ſwerv'd,
With many an inroad gor'd; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul diſorder; all the ground
With ſhiver'd armour ſtrown, and on a heap
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,
And fiery foaming ſteeds; what ſtood, recoil'd
O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic hoſt
Defenſive ſcarce, or with pale fear ſurpriz'd,
Then firſt with fear ſurpriz'd and ſenſe of pain,
Fled ignominious, to ſuch evil brought
By ſin of diſobedience, till that hour
Not liable to fear or flight or pain.
Far otherwiſe th' inviolable Saints
In cubic phalanx firm advanc'd entire,
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd;
Such high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes; not to have ſinn'd,
Not to have diſobey'd; in fight they ſtood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
By wound, though from their place by violence mov'd.
Now night her courſe began, and over Heaven
Inducing darkneſs, grateful truce impos'd,
And ſilence on the odious din of war:
Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,
Victor and vanquiſh'd: on the foughten field
Michaël and his Angels prevalent
Incamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,

Cherubic

Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part
Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
Far in the dark dislodg'd: and void of rest,
His potentates to council call'd by night;
And in the midst thus undismay'd began.
O now in danger try'd, now known in arms
Not to be overpow'r'd, Companions dear,
Found worthy not of liberty alone,
Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,
Honor, dominion, glory and renown;
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight
(And if one day, why not eternal days?)
What Heaven's Lord had pow'rfullest to send
Against us from about his throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
Some disadvantage we indur'd and pain,
Till now not known, but known as soon contemn'd;
Since now we find this our empyreal form
Incapable of mortal injury,
Imperishable, and though pierc'd with wound,
Soon closing, and by native vigor heal'd.
Of evil then so small as easy think
The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes,
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In nature none: if other hidden cause

Left

Left them ſuperior, while we can preſerve
Unhurt our minds and underſtanding ſound,
Due ſearch and conſultation will diſcloſe.
He ſat; and in th' aſſembly next upſtood
Niſroch, of Principalities the prime;
As one he ſtood eſcap'd from cruel fight,
Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn,
And cloudy in aſpéct thus anſw'ring ſpake.
Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard
For Gods, and too unequal work we find,
Againſt unequal arms to fight in pain,
Againſt unpain'd, impaſſive; from which evil
Ruin muſt needs enſue; for what avails
Valor or ſtrength, though matchleſs, quell'd with pain
Which all ſubdues, and makes remiſs the hands
Of mightieſt? Senſe of pleaſure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmeſt life:
But pain is perfect miſery, the worſt
Of evils, and exceſſive, overturns
All patience. He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
Ourſelves with like defenſe, to me deſerves
No leſs than for deliverance what we owe.
Whereto with look compos'd Satan reply'd.
Not uninvented that, which thou aright
Believ'ſt ſo main to our ſucceſs, I bring.
Which of us who beholds the bright ſurface

Of

Some one intent on miſchief, or inſpir'd
With deviliſh machination, might deviſe
Like inſtrument to plague the ſons of men
For ſin, on war and mutual ſlaughter bent.
Forthwith from council to the work they flew:
None arguing ſtood; innumerable hands
Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the celeſtial ſoil, and ſaw beneath
Th' originals of nature in their crude
Conception; ſulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and with ſubtle art,
Concocted and aduſted they reduc'd
To blackeſt grain, and into ſtore convey'd:
Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
Entrails unlike) of mineral and ſtone,
Whereof to found their engins and their balls
Of miſſive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
So all ere day-ſpring, under conſcious night,
Secret they finiſh'd, and in order ſet,
With ſilent circumſpection uneſpy'd.

Now when fair morn orient in Heav'n appear'd,
Up roſe the victor Angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet ſung: in arms they ſtood
Of golden panoply, refulgent hoſt,
Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and ſcouts each coaſt light-armed ſcour,
Each quarter, to deſcry the diſtant foe,
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in halt: him ſoon they met

Under

Under ſpread enſigns moving nigh, in flow
But firm battalion; back with ſpeedieſt ſail
Zophiel, of Cherubim the ſwifteſt wing,
Came fly'ing, and in mid air aloud thus cry'd.
Arm, Warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will ſave us long purſuit
This day; fear not his flight; ſo thick a cloud
He comes, and ſettled in his face I ſee
Sad reſolution and ſecure: let each
His adamantin coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe faſt his orbed ſhield,
Borne ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture ought, no drizling ſhower,
But rattling ſtorm of arrows barb'd with fire.
So warn'd he them aware themſelves, and ſoon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Inſtant without diſturb they took alarm,
And onward mov'd imbattel'd: when behold
Not diſtant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching groſs and huge, in hollow cube
Training his deviliſh enginry, impal'd
On every ſide with ſhadowing ſquadrons deep,
To hide the Fraud. At interview both ſtood
A while; but ſuddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud.
Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
That all may ſee who hate us, how we ſeek
Peace and compoſure, and with open breaſt
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverſe;

But

But that I doubt; however witneſs Heaven,
Heav'n witneſs thou anon, while we diſcharge
Freely our part; ye who appointed ſtand,
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.
So ſcoffing in ambiguous words, he ſcarce
Had ended: when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retir'd:
Which to our eyes diſcover'd, new and ſtrange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars moſt they ſeem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd)
Braſs, iron, ſtony mold, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow truce: at each behind
A Seraph ſtood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we ſuſpenſe
Collected ſtood within our thoughts amus'd,
Not long, for ſudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd
With niceſt touch. Immediate in a flame,
But ſoon obſcur'd with ſmoke, all Heav'n appear'd,
From thoſe deep throated engins belch'd, whoſe roar
Imbowel'd with outrageous noiſe the air,
And all her entrails tore, diſgorging foul
Their deviliſh glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes; which on the victor hoſt
Level'd, with ſuch impetuous fury ſmote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might ſtand,

Thoug

Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel roll'd;
The sooner for their arms; unarm'd they might
Have easily as Spi'rits evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foul dissipation follow'd and forc'd rout;
Nor serv'd it to relax their serried files.
What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,
In posture to displode their second tire
Of thunder: back defeated to return
They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd.

O Friends, why come not on these victors proud?
Erewhile they fierce were coming; and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front
And breast (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of composition, strait they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,
If our proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus Belial in like gamesome mood.
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,

Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And ſtumbled many; who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well underſtand;
Not underſtood, this gift they have beſides,
They ſhow us when our foes walk not upright.
So they among themſelves in pleaſant vein
Stood ſcoffing, highten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory; eternal might
To match with their inventions they preſum'd
So eaſy', and of his thunder made a ſcorn,
And all his hoſt derided, while they ſtood
A while in trouble: but they ſtood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Againſt ſuch helliſh miſchief fit to' oppoſe.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For Earth hath this variety from Heaven
Of pleaſure ſituate in hill and dale)
Light as the lightning glimpſe they ran, they flew;
From their foundations looſning to and fro
They pluck'd the ſeated hills with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the ſhaggy tops
Up-lifting bore them in their hands: Amaze,
Be ſure, and terror ſeis'd the rebel hoſt,
When coming towards them ſo dread they ſaw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
Till on thoſe curſed engins triple-row
They ſaw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;

Themſelves

Themſelves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came ſhadowing, and oppreſs'd whole legions arm'd;
Their armour help'd their harm, cruſh'd in and bruis'd
Into their ſubſtance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long ſtrugling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of ſuch priſ'n, though Spi'rits of pureſt light,
Pureſt at firſt, now groſs by ſinning grown.
The reſt in imitation to like arms
Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills uptore;
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground they fought in diſmal ſhade;
Infernal noiſe; war ſeem'd a civil game
To this uproar; horrid confuſion heap'd
Upon confuſion roſe: and now all Heaven
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overſpread;
Had not th' almighty Father, where he ſits
Shrin'd in his ſanctuary of Heav'n ſecure,
Conſulting on the ſum of things, foreſeen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpoſe he might ſo fulfil,
To honor his anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All pow'r on him transferr'd: whence to his Son
Th' aſſeſſor of his throne he thus began.
Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd,
Son in whoſe face inviſible is beheld
Viſibly, what by deity I am,

And in whoſe hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence, two days are paſt,
Two days, as we compute the days of Heaven,
Since Michael and his Pow'rs went forth to tame
Theſe diſobedient: ſore hath been their fight,
As likelieſt was, when two ſuch foes met arm'd;
For to themſelves I left them, and thou know'ſt,
Equal in their creation they were form'd,
Save what ſin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
Inſenſibly, for I ſuſpend their doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs muſt laſt
Endleſs, and no ſolution will be found:
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,
And to diſorder'd rage let looſe the reins,
With mountains as with weapons arm'd, which makes
Wild work in Heav'n, and dange'rous to the main.
Two days are therefore paſt, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far
Have ſuffer'd, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, ſince none but Thou
Can end it. Into thee ſuch virtue' and grace
Immenſe I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heav'n and Hell thy pow'r above compare;
And this perverſe commotion govern'd thus,
To manifeſt thee worthieſt to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
By ſacred unction, thy deſerved right.
Go then thou Mightieſt in thy Father's might,
Aſcend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That ſhake Heav'n's baſis, bring forth all my war,

My

My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on, and ſword upon thy puiſſant thigh;
Purſue theſe ſons of darkneſs, drive them out
From all Heav'n's bounds into the utter deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to deſpiſe
God and Meſſiah his anointed king.
He ſaid, and on his Son with rays direct
Shone full; he all his Father full expreſs'd
Ineffably into his face receiv'd;
And thus the filial Godhead anſw'ring ſpake.
O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly Thrones,
Firſt, Higheſt, Holieſt, Beſt, thou always ſeek'ſt
To glorify thy Son, I always thee,
As is moſt juſt; this I my glory' account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'ſt thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliſs.
Scepter and pow'r, thy giving, I aſſume,
And gladlier ſhall reſign, when in the end
Thou ſhalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'ſt:
But whom thou hat'ſt, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildneſs on,
Image of thee in all things; and ſhall ſoon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid Heav'n of theſe rebell'd,
To their prepar'd ill manſion driven down,
To chains of darkneſs, and th' undying worm,
That from thy juſt obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happineſs entire.
Then ſhall thy Saints unmix'd, and from th' impure

Far ſeparate, circling thy holy mount
Unfeigned Halleluiahs to thee ſing,
Hymns of high praiſe, and I among them chief.
So ſaid, he o'er his ſcepter bowing, roſe
From the right hand of glory where he ſat;
And the third ſacred morn began to ſhine, [ſound
Dawning through Heav'n: forth ruſh'd with whirlwind
The chariot of paternal Deity,
Flaſhing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itſelf inſtinct with Spirit, but convoy'd
By four Cherubic ſhapes; four faces each
Had wondrous; as with ſtars their bodies all
And wings were ſet with eyes, with eyes the wheels
Of beril, and carreering fires between;
Over their heads a cryſtal firmament,
Whereon a ſaphir throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colors of the ſhow'ry arch.
He in celeſtial panoply all arm'd
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Aſcended; at his right hand victory
Sat eagle-wing'd; beſide him hung his bow
And quiver with three-bolted thunder ſtor'd,
And from about him fierce effuſion roll'd
Of ſmoke and bickering flame and ſparkles dire:
Attended with ten thouſand thouſand Saints,
He onward came, far off his coming ſhone;
And twenty thouſand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand were ſeen:
He on the wings of Cherub rode ſublime
On the cryſtallin ſky, in ſaphir thron'd,

Illuſtrious

Illuſtrious far and wide, but by his own
Firſt ſeen; them unexpected joy ſurpris'd,
When the great enſign of Meſſiah blaz'd
Aloft by Angels borne, his ſign in Heaven;
Under whoſe conduct Michael ſoon reduc'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their Head imbodied all in one.
Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd;
At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went
Obſequious; Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with freſh flow'rets hill and valley ſmil'd.
This ſaw his hapleſs foes, but ſtood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied their Powers
Inſenſate, hope conceiving from deſpair.
In heav'nly Spi'rits could ſuch perverſeneſs dwell?
But to convince the proud what ſigns avail,
Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent?
They harden'd more by what might moſt reclame,
Grieving to ſee his glory, at the ſight
Took envy; and aſpiring to his highth,
Stood reimbattel'd fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to proſper, and at length prevail
Againſt God and Meſſiah, or to fall
In univerſal ruin laſt; and now
To final battel drew, diſdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his hoſt on either hand thus ſpake.
Stand ſtill in bright array, ye Saints, here ſtand
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from battel reſt;

Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearleſs in his righteous cauſe,
And as ye have receiv'd, ſo have ye done
Invincibly; but of this curſed crew
The puniſhment to other hand belongs;
Vengeance is his, or whoſe he ſole appoints:
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd
Nor multitude; ſtand only and behold
God's indignation on theſe Godleſs pour'd
By me; not you but me they have deſpis'd,
Yet envied; againſt me is all their rage,
Becauſe the Father, t' whom in Heav'n ſupreme
Kingdom and pow'r and glory appertains,
Hath honor'd me according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath aſſign'd;
That they may have their wiſh, to try with me
In battel which the ſtronger proves, they all,
Or I alone againſt them, ſince by ſtrength
They meaſure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
Nor other ſtrife with them do I vouchſafe.
So ſpake the Son, and into terror chang'd
His count'nance too ſevere to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the Four ſpread out their ſtarry wings
With dreadful ſhade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the ſound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous hoſt.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels

The

The ſtedfaſt empyréan ſhook throughout,
All but the throne itſelf of God. Full ſoon
Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand
Graſping ten thouſand thunders, which he ſent
Before him, ſuch as in their ſouls infix'd
Plagues; they aſtoniſh'd all reſiſtance loſt,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt;
O'er ſhields and helms and helmed heads he rode
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim proſtráte,
That wiſh'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them as a ſhelter from his ire.
Nor leſs on either ſide tempeſtuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-viſag'd Four
Diſtinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Diſtinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and ſhot forth pernicious fire
Among th' accurs'd, that wither'd all their ſtrength,
And of their wonted vigor left them drain'd,
Exhauſted, ſpiritleſs, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his ſtrength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid voly; for he meant
Not to deſtroy, but root them out of Heaven:
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd
Drove them before him thunder-ſtruck, purſued
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And cryſtal wall of Heaven, which opening wide,
Roll'd inward, and a ſpacious gap diſclos'd
Into the waſteful deep; the monſtrous ſight

Struck

Struck them with horror backward, but far worſe
Urg'd them behind; headlong themſelves they threw
Down from the verge of Heav'n; eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomleſs pit.

Hell heard th' unſufferable noiſe, Hell ſaw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted; but ſtrict fate had caſt too deep
Her dark foundations, and too faſt had bound.
Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confuſion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, ſo huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin: Hell at laſt
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;
Hell their fit habitation fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the houſe of woe and pain.
Diſburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and ſoon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole victor from th' expulſion of his foes
Meſſiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:
To meet him all his Saints, who ſilent ſtood
Eye-witneſſes of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,
Sung triumph, and him ſung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,
Worthieſt to reign: he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd
On high; who into glory him receiv'd,
Where now he ſits at the right hand of bliſs.

Thus

ius meaſuring things in Heav'n by things on Earth,
ıy requeſt, and that thou may'ſt beware
hat is paſt, to thee I have reveal'd
t might have elſe to human race been hid;
liſcord which befel, and war in Heaven
ng th' Angelic Pow'rs, and the deep fall
ioſe too high aſpiring, who rebell'd
Satan; he who envies now thy ſtate,
now is plotting how he may ſeduce
alſo from obedience, that with him
v'd of happineſs thou may'ſt partake
uniſhment, eternal miſery;
h would be all his ſolace and revenge,
deſpite done againſt the moſt High,
once to gain companion of his woe.
ſten not to his temptations, warn
veaker; let it profit thee to' have heard
rible example the reward
ſobedience; firm they might have ſtood,
ell; remember, and fear to tranſgreſs.

THE END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael at the requeſt of Adam relates how and wherefore this world was firſt created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declared his pleaſure to create another world and other creatures to dwell therein; ſends his Son with glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of creation in ſix days: the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reaſcenſion into Heaven.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

DESCEND from Heav'n, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whoſe voice divine
Following, above th' Olympian hill I ſoar,
Above the flight of Pegaſéan wing.
The meaning, not the name I call: for thou
Nor of the Muſes nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'ſt, but heav'nly born,
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with eternal Wiſdom didſt converſe,
Wiſdom thy ſiſter, and with her didſt play
In preſence of th' almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celeſtial ſong. Up led by thee
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have preſum'd,
An earthly gueſt, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy temp'ring; with like ſafety guided down
Return me to my native element:
Leſt from this flying ſteed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)
Diſmounted, on th' Aleian field I fall
Erroneous there to wander and forlorn.
Half yet remains unſung, but narrower bound
Within the viſible diurnal ſphere;

Standing

Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More ſafe I ſing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarſe or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkneſs, and with dangers compaſs'd round,
And ſolitude; yet not alone, while thou
Viſit'ſt my ſlumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the eaſt: ſtill govern thou my ſong,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barbarous diſſonance
Of Bacchus and his revelers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the ſavage clamor drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muſe defend
Her ſon. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art heav'nly, ſhe an empty dream.
Say Goddeſs, what enſued when Raphaël,
The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd
Adam by dire example to beware
Apoſtaſy, by what befel in Heaven
To thoſe apoſtates, leſt the like befal
In Paradiſe to Adam or his race
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,
If they tranſgreſs, and ſlight that ſole command,
So eaſily obey'd amid the choice
Of all taſtes elſe to pleaſe their appetite,
Though wand'ring. He with his conſorted Eve
The ſtory heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration and deep muſe, to hear

Of

Of things ſo high and ſtrange, things to their thought
So unimaginable as hate in Heaven,
And war ſo near the peace of God in bliſs
With ſuch confuſion: but the evil ſoon
Driv'n back redounded as a flood on thoſe
From whom it ſprung, impoſſible to mix
With bleſſedneſs. Whence Adam ſoon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart aroſe: and now
Led on, yet ſinleſs, with deſire to know
What nearer might concern him, how this world
Of Heav'n and Earth conſpicuous firſt began,
When, and whereof created, for what cauſe,
What within Eden or without was done
Before his memory, as one whoſe drouth
Yet ſcarce allay'd ſtill eyes the current ſtream,
Whoſe liquid murmur heard new thirſt excites,
Proceeded thus to aſk his heav'nly gueſt.
Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,
Far differing from this world, thou haſt reveal'd,
Divine interpreter, by favor ſent
Down from the empyréan to forewarn
Us timely' of what might elſe have been our loſs,
Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach:
For which to th' infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admoniſhment
Receive with ſolemn purpoſe to obſerve
Immutably his ſovran will, the end
Of what we are. But ſince thou haſt vouchſaf'd
Gently for our inſtruction to impart
Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd

Our knowing, as to higheſt wiſdom ſeem'd,
Deign to deſcend now lower, and relate
What may no leſs perhaps avail us known,
How firſt began this Heav'n which we behold
Diſtant ſo high, with moving fires adorn'd
Innumerable, and this which yields or fills
All ſpace, the ambient air wide interfus'd
Embracing round this florid earth, what cauſe
Mov'd the Creator in his holy reſt
Through all eternity ſo late to build
In Chaos, and the work begun, how ſoon
Abſolv'd, if unforbid thou may'ſt unfold
What we not to explore the ſecrets aſk
Of his eternal empire, but the more
To magnify his works, the more we know.
And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race though ſteep; ſuſpenſe in Heaven,
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the riſing birth
Of Nature from the unapparent deep:
Or if the ſtar of evening and the moon
Haſte to thy audience, night with her will bring
Silence, and ſleep liſt'ning to thee will watch,
Or we can bid his abſence, till thy ſong
End, and diſmiſs thee ere the morning ſhine.
Thus Adam his illuſtrious gueſt beſought:
And thus the Godlike Angel anſwer'd mild.
This alſo thy requeſt with caution aſk'd
Obtain: though to recount almighty works

What

What words or tongue of Seraph can ſuffice,
Or heart of man ſuffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canſt attain, which beſt may ſerve
To glorify the maker, and infer
Thee alſo happier, ſhall not be withheld
Thy hearing, ſuch commiſſion from above
I have receiv'd, to anſwer thy deſire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abſtain
To aſk, nor let thine own invention hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' inviſible King,
Only omniſcient, hath ſuppreſs'd in night,
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:
Enough is left beſides to ſearch and know.
But knowledge is as food, and needs no leſs
Her temp'rance over appetite, to know
In meaſure what the mind may well contain;
Oppreſſes elſe with ſurfeit, and ſoon turns
Wiſdom to folly', as nouriſhment to wind.
Know then, that after Lucifer from Heaven
(So call him, brighter once amidſt the hoſt
Of Angels, than that ſtar the ſtars among)
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
Into his place, and the great Son return'd
Victorious with his Saints, th' omnipotent
Eternal Father from his throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his Son thus ſpake.
At leaſt our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himſelf rebellious, by whoſe aid
This inacceſſible high ſtrength, the ſeat
Of deity ſupreme, us diſpoſſeſs'd,

He truſted to have ſeiz'd, and into fraud
Drew many, whom their place knows here no more;
Yet far the greater part have kept, I ſee
Their ſtation, Heav'n yet populous retains
Number ſufficient to poſſeſs her realms
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
With miniſteries due and ſolemn rites:
But leſt his heart exalt him in the harm
Already done, to have diſpeopled Heav'n,
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair
That detriment, if ſuch it be to loſe
Self-loſt, and in a moment will create
Another world, out of one man a race
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd
They open to themſelves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience try'd,
And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n, and Heav'n to Earth,
One kingdom, joy and union without end.
Mean while inhabit lax, ye Pow'rs of Heaven.
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform, ſpeak thou, and be it done:
My overſhadowing Spi'rit and might with thee
I ſend along; ride forth, and bid the deep
Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,
Boundleſs the deep, becauſe I am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the ſpace.
Though I uncircumſcrib'd myſelf retire,
And put not forth my goodneſs which is free
To act or not, neceſſity and chance

Approach

Approach not me, and what I will is fate.
So ſpake th' Almighty, and to what he ſpake
His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the acts of God, more ſwift
Than time or motion, but to human ears
Cannot without proceſs of ſpeech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heaven,
When ſuch was heard declar'd th' Almighty's will;
Glory they ſung to the moſt High, good-will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace:
Glory to him, whoſe juſt avenging ire
Had driven out th' ungodly from his ſight
And th' habitations of the juſt; to him
Glory and praiſe, whoſe wiſdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create, inſtead
Of Spi'rits malign a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuſe
His good to worlds and ages infinite.
So ſang the Hierarchies: Mean while the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majeſty divine; ſapience and love
Immenſe, and all his Father in him ſhone.
About his chariot numberleſs were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spi'rits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God, where ſtand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Againſt a ſolemn day, harneſs'd at hand,

Celeſtial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever during gates, harmonious ſound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his pow'rful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heav'nly ground they ſtood, and from the ſhore
They view'd the vaſt immeaſurable abyſs
Outrageous as a ſea, dark, wafteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And ſurging waves, as mountains, to aſſault
Heav'n's highth, and with the center mix the pole.
Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,
Said then th' omnific Word, your diſcord end:
Nor ſtay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train
Follow'd in bright proceſſion to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then ſtay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compaſſes, prepar'd
In God's eternal ſtore, to circumſcribe
This univerſe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vaſt profundity obſcure,
And ſaid, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy juſt circumference, O world.
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,

Matter

Matter unform'd and void: Darkneſs profound
Cover'd th' abyſs: but on the watry calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outſpread,
And vital virtue' infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid maſs, but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs
Adverſe to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the reſt to ſeveral place
Diſparted, and between ſpun out the air,
And Earth ſelf-balanc'd on her center hung.
  Let there be light, ſaid God, and forthwith light
Ethereal, firſt of things, quinteſſence pure
Sprung from the deep, and from her native eaſt
To journey through the aery gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud, for yet the ſun
Was not; ſhe in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God ſaw the light was good;
And light from darkneſs by the hemiſphere
Divided: light the day, and darkneſs night
He nam'd. Thus was the firſt day ev'n and morn:
Nor paſt uncelebrated, nor unſung
By the celeſtial quires, when orient light
Exhaling firſt from darkneſs they beheld;
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and ſhout
The hollow univerſal orb they fill'd,
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning prais'd
God and his works, Creator him they ſung,
Both when firſt evening was, and when firſt morn.
  Again, God ſaid, let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide

The waters from the waters: and God made
The firmament, expanſe of liquid, pure,
Tranſparent, elemental air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermoſt convex
Of this great round: partition firm and ſure,
The waters underneath from thoſe above
Dividing: for as earth, ſo he the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Chryſtallin ocean, and the loud miſrule
Of Chaos far remov'd, leſt fierce extremes
Contiguous might diſtemper the whole frame:
And Heav'n he nam'd the firmament: So even
And morning chorus ſung the ſecond day.

The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryon immature involv'd,
Appear'd not: over all the face of earth
Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm
Prolific humor ſoft'ning all her globe,
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Satiate with genial moiſture, when God ſaid,
Be gather'd now ye waters under Heaven
Into one place, and let dry land appear.
Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds, their tops aſcend the ſky:
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, ſo low
Down ſunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters: thither they
Haſted with glad precipitance, uproll'd
As drops on duſt conglobing from the dry;

Part riſe in cryſtal wall, or ridge direct,
For haſte; ſuch flight the great command impreſs'd
On the ſwift floods: as armies at the call
Of trumpet (for of armies thou haſt heard)
Troop to their ſtandard, ſo the watry throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,
If ſteep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft-ebbing; nor withſtood them rock or hill,
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With ſerpent error wand'ring, found their way,
And on the waſhy ooſe deep channels wore;
Eaſy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within thoſe banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters he call'd ſeas:
And ſaw that it was good, and ſaid, Let th' earth
Put forth the verdant graſs, herb yielding ſeed,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whoſe ſeed is in herſelf upon the earth.
He ſcarce had ſaid, when the bare earth, till then
Deſert and bare, unſightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender graſs, whoſe verdure clad
Her univerſal face with pleaſant green,
Then herbs of every leaf, that ſudden flow'r'd
Opening their various colors, and made gay
Her boſom ſmelling ſweet: and theſe ſcarce blown,
Forth floriſh'd thick the cluſtring vine, forth crept
The ſmelling gourd, up ſtood the corny reed
Imbattel'd in her field, and th' humble ſhrub,

And

And bush with frizled hair implicit: last
Rose as in dance the stately trees, and spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were crown'd,
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side,
With borders long the rivers: that earth now
Seem'd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was, but from the earth a dewy mist
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which ere it was in th' earth
God made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green stem; God saw that it was good:
So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.
Again th' Almighty spake, Let there be lights
High in th' expanse of Heaven, to divide
The day from night; and let them be for signs,
For seasons, and for days, and circling years,
And let them be for lights as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of Heaven
To give light on the earth; and it was so.
And God made two great lights, great for their use
To Man, the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night altern; and made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of Heaven
To illuminate the earth, and rule the day
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,

Surveying

Surveying his great work, that it was good:
For of celeſtial bodies firſt the ſun
A mighty ſphere he fram'd, unlightſome firſt,
Though of ethereal mold: then form'd the moon
Globoſe, and every magnitude of ſtars,
And ſow'd with ſtars the Heav'n thick as a field:
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Tranſplanted from her cloudy ſhrine, and plac'd
In the ſun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
Hither as to their fountain other ſtars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;
By tincture or reflection they augment
Their ſmall peculiar, though from human ſight
So far remote, with diminution ſeen.
Firſt in his eaſt the glorious lamp was ſeen,
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
Inveſted with bright rays, jocond to run
His longitude through Heav'n's high road; the gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd
Shedding ſweet influence: leſs bright the moon
But oppoſit in level'd weſt was ſet
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him, for other light ſhe needed none
In that aſpect, and ſtill that diſtance keeps
Till night, then in the eaſt her turn ſhe ſhines,
Revolv'd on Heav'n's great axle, and her reign
With thouſand leſſer lights dividual holds,

With

With thouſand thouſand ſtars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemiſphere: then firſt adorn'd
With their bright luminaries that ſet and roſe,
Glad evening and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.
And God ſaid, Let the waters generate
Reptil with ſpawn abundant, living ſoul:
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Diſplay'd on the' open firmament of Heaven.
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteouſly
The waters generated by their kinds,
And every bird of wing after his kind;
And ſaw that it was good, and bleſs'd them, ſaying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the ſeas
And lakes and running ſtreams the waters fill;
And let the fowl be multiply'd, on th' earth.
Forthwith the ſounds and ſeas, each creek and bay
With fry innumerable ſwarm, and ſhoals
Of fiſh that with their fins and ſhining ſcales
Glide under the green wave, in ſculls that oft
Bank the mid ſea: part ſingle or with mate
Graze the ſea weed their paſture, and through groves
Of coral ſtray, or ſporting with quick glance
Show to the ſun their wav'd coats dropt with gold,
Or in their pearly ſhells at eaſe, attend
Moiſt nutriment, or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch: on ſmooth the ſeal,
And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy', enormous in their gate
Tempeſt the ocean: there leviathan,

Hugeſt

Hugeſt of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory ſleeps or ſwims
And ſeems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk ſpouts out a ſea.
Mean while the tepid caves, and fens and ſhores
Their brood as numerous hatch, from th' egg that ſoon
Burſting with kindly rupture forth diſclos'd
Their callow young, but feather'd ſoon and fledge
They ſumm'd their pens, and ſoaring th' air ſublime
With clang deſpis'd the ground, under a cloud
In proſpect; there the eagle and the ſtork
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:
Part looſly wing the region, part more wiſe
In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,
Intelligent of ſeaſons, and ſet forth
Their aery caravan high over ſeas
Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
Eaſing their flight; ſo ſteers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Flotes, as they paſs, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
From branch to branch the ſmaller birds with ſong
Solac'd the woods, and ſpread their painted wings
Till ev'n, nor then the ſolemn nightingale
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her ſoft lays:
Others on ſilver lakes and rivers bath'd
Their downy breaſt; the ſwan with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her ſtate with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and riſing on ſtiff pennons, tower
The mid aereal ſky: Others on ground

Walk'd

Walk'd firm; the creſted cock whoſe clarion ſounds
The ſilent hours, and th' other whoſe gay train
Adorns him, color'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and ſtarry' eyes. The waters thus
With fiſh repleniſh'd, and the air with fowl,
Evening and morn ſolemniz'd the fifth day.
The ſixth, and of creation laſt aroſe
With evening harps and matin, when God ſaid,
Let th' earth bring forth ſoul living in her kind,
Cattle and creeping things, and beaſt of th' earth,
Each in their kind. The earth obey'd, and ſtrait
Opening her fertil womb teem'd at a birth
Innumerous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up roſe
As from his lair the wild beaſt where he wons
In foreſt wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they roſe, they walk'd:
The cattel in the fields and meadows green:
Thoſe rare and ſolitary, theſe in flocks
Paſturing at once, and in broad herds upſprung.
The graſſy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then ſprings as broke from bonds,
And rampant ſhakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Riſing, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocs: the ſwift ſtag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: ſcarce from his mold
Behemoth biggeſt born of earth upheav'd
His vaſtneſs: fleec'd the flocks and bleating roſe,

As

As plants: ambiguous between ſea and land
The river horſe and ſcaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Inſect or worm: thoſe wav'd their limber fans
For wings, and ſmalleſt lineaments exact
In all the liveries deck'd of ſummer's pride
With ſpots of gold and purple', azure and green:
Theſe as a line their long dimenſion drew,
Streaking the ground with ſinuous trace; not all
Minims of nature; ſome of ſerpent kind,
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd
Their ſnaky folds, and added wings. Firſt crept
The parſimonious emmet, provident
Of future, in ſmall room large heart inclos'd,
Pattern of juſt equality perhaps
Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes
Of commonalty: ſwarming next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her huſband drone
Deliciouſly, and builds her waxen cells
With honey ſtor'd: the reſt are numberleſs,
And thou their natures know'ſt, and gave them names,
Needleſs to thee repeated; nor unknown
The ſerpent ſubtleſt beaſt of all the field,
Of huge extent ſometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
Now Heav'n in all her glory ſhone, and roll'd
Her motions, as the great firſt Mover's hand
Firſt wheel'd their courſe; earth in her rich attire
Conſummate lovely ſmil'd; air, water, earth,

By

By fowl, fiſh, beaſt, was flown, was ſwum, was walk'd
Frequent; and of the ſixth day yet remain'd;
There wanted yet the maſter work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature who not prone
And brute as other creatures, but indued
With ſanctity of reaſon, might erect
His ſtature, and upright with front ſerene
Govern the reſt, ſelf-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous to correſpond with Heaven,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Deſcends, thither with heart and voice and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worſhip God ſupreme, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore th' Omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Preſent?) thus to his Son audibly ſpake.
Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our ſimilitude, and let them rule
Over the fiſh and fowl of ſea and air,
Beaſt of the field, and over all the earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This ſaid, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man,
Duſt of the ground, and in thy noſtrils breath'd
The breath of life; in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Expreſs, and thou becam'ſt a living ſoul.
Male he created thee, but thy conſort
Female for race; then bleſs'd mankind, and ſaid,
Be fruitful, multiply, and the earth,
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold

Over

Over fiſh of the ſea, and fowl of th' air,
And every living thing that moves on th' earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place
Is yet diſtinct by name, thence, as thou know'ſt,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taſte;
And freely all their pleaſant fruit for food
Gave thee; all ſorts are here that all th' earth yields
Variety without end; but of the tree,
Which tafted works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou may'ſt not; in the day thou eat'ſt, thou dy'ſt;
Death is the penalty impos'd, beware,
And govern well thy appetite, leſt Sin
Surpriſe thee, and her black attendent Death.
Here finiſh'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So ev'n and morn accompliſh'd the ſixth day:
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Deſiſting, though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
Thence to behold this new created world
Th' addition of his empire, how it ſhow'd
In proſpect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Anſwering his great idea. Up he rode
Follow'd with acclamation and the ſound
Symphonious of ten thouſand harps that tun'd
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
Reſounded, (thou remember'ſt, for thou heardſt)
The Heav'ns and all the conſtellations rung,

The planets in their ſtation liſt'ning ſtood,
While the bright pomp aſcended jubilant.
Open, ye everlaſting gates, they ſung,
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors; let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his ſix days work, a world;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To viſit oft the dwellings of juſt men
Delighted, and with frequent intercourſe
Thither will ſend his winged meſſengers
On errands of ſupernal grace. So ſung
The glorious train aſcending: He through Heaven,
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led,
To God's eternal houſe direct the way,
A broad and ample road, whoſe duſt is gold
And pavement ſtars, as ſtars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
Which nightly as a circling zone thou ſeeſt
Powder'd with ſtars. And now on earth the ſeventh
Evening aroſe in Eden, for the ſun
Was ſet, and twilight from the eaſt came on,
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
Of Heav'n's high ſeated top, th' imperial throne
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and ſure,
The filial Pow'r arriv'd, and ſat him down
With his great Father, for he alſo went
Inviſible, yet ſtay'd, (ſuch privilege
Hath Omnipreſence) and the work ordain'd,
Author and end of all things, and from work
Now reſting, bleſs'd and hallow'd the ſev'nth day,

As

As reſting on that day from all his work,
But not in ſilence holy kept; the harp
Had work and reſted not, the ſolemn pipe,
And dulcimer, all organs of ſweet ſtop,
All ſounds on fret by ſtring or golden wire
Temper'd ſoft tunings, intermix'd with voice
Choral or uniſon: of incenſe clouds
Fuming from golden cenſers hid the mount.
Creation and the ſix days acts they ſung,
Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite
Thy pow'r; what thought can meaſure thee, or tongue
Relate thee? greater now in thy return
Than from the giant Angels; thee that day
Thy thunders magnify'd; but to create
Is greater than created to deſtroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy empire? eaſily the proud attempt
Of Spi'rits apoſtate and their counſels vain
Thou haſt repell'd, while impiouſly they thought
Thee to diminiſh, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worſhipers. Who ſeeks
To leſſen thee, againſt his purpoſe ſerves
To manifeſt the more thy might: his evil
Thou uſeſt, and from thence creat'ſt more good.
Witneſs this new-made world, another Heaven
From Heaven gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glaſſy ſea;
Of amplitude almoſt immenſe, with ſtars
Numerous, and every ſtar perhaps a world
Of deſtin'd habitation; but thou know'ſt

Their ſeaſons: among theſe the ſeat of Men,
Earth with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
Their pleaſant dwelling-place. Thrice happy Men,
And ſons of Men, whom God hath thus advanc'd,
Created in his image, there to dwell
And worſhip him, and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in ſea, or air,
And multiply a race of worſhipers
Holy and juſt: thrice happy if they know
Their happineſs, and perſevere upright.
So ſung they, and the empyréan rung
With halleluiahs: Thus was ſabbath kept.
And thy requeſt think now fulfill'd, that aſk'd
How firſt this world and face of things began,
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning, that poſterity
Inform'd by thee might know; if elſe thou ſeek'ſt
Ought, not ſurpaſſing human meaſure, ſay.

THE END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE EIGHTH BOOK OF PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celeſtial motions, is doubtfully anſwer'd, and exhorted to ſearch rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam aſſents; and, ſtill deſirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember'd ſince his own creation, his placing in Paradiſe, his talk with God concerning ſolitude and fit ſociety, his firſt meeting and nuptials with Eve, his diſcourſe with the Angel thereupon; who after admonitions repeated departs.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.

THE Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him ſtill ſpeaking, ſtill ſtood fix'd to hear;
Then as new wak'd thus gratefully reply'd.
What thanks ſufficient, or what recompenſe
Equal have I to render thee, divine
Hiſtorian, who thus largely haſt allay'd
The thirſt I had of knowledge, and vouchſaf'd
This friendly condeſcenſion to relate
Things elſe by me unſearchable, now heard
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glory attributed to the high
Creator? ſomething yet of doubt remains,
Which only thy ſolution can reſolve.
When I behold this goodly frame, this world
Of Heav'n and Earth conſiſting, and compute
Their magnitudes, this earth, a ſpot, a grain,
An atom, with the firmament compar'd
And all her number'd ſtars, that ſeem to roll
Spaces incomprehenſible (for ſuch
Their diſtance argues and their ſwift return
Diurnal) merely to officiate light

Round this opacous earth, this punctual ſpot,
One day and night, in all their vaſt ſurvey
Uſeleſs beſides; reaſoning I oft admire,
How nature wiſe and frugal could commit
Such diſproportions, with ſuperfluous hand
So many nobler bodies to create,
Greater ſo manifold to this one uſe,
For ought appears, and on their orbs impoſe
Such reſtleſs revolution day by day
Repeated, while the ſedentary earth,
That better might with far leſs compaſs move,
Serv'd by more noble than herſelf, attains
Her end without leaſt motion, and receives,
As tribute, ſuch a ſumleſs journey brought
Of incorporeal ſpeed, her warmth and light;
Speed, to deſcribe whoſe ſwiftneſs number fails.

So ſpake our ſire, and by his count'nance ſeem'd
Entring on ſtudious thoughts abſtruſe, which Eve
Perceiving where ſhe ſat retir'd in ſight,
With lowlineſs majeſtic from her ſeat,
And grace that won who ſaw to wiſh her ſtay,
Roſe, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
To viſit how they proſper'd, bud and bloom,
Her nurſery; they at her coming ſprung,
And touch'd by her fair tendence gladlier grew.
Yet went ſhe not, as not with ſuch diſcourſe
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: ſuch pleaſure ſhe reſerv'd,
Adam relating, ſhe ſole auditreſs:
Her huſband the relator ſhe preferr'd

Before

Before the Angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather; he, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal caresses; from his lip
Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such pairs, in love and mutual honor join'd?
With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went,
Not unattended, for on her as queen
A pomp of winning graces waited still,
And from about her shot darts of desire
Into all eyes to wish her still in sight.
And Raphael now to Adam's doubt propos'd
Benevolent and facil thus reply'd.

To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heaven
Is as the book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years:
This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth,
Imports not, if thou reckon right; the rest
From Man or Angel the great Architect
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought
Rather admire; or, if they list to try
Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heavens
Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
Hereafter, when they come to model Heaven
And calculate the stars, how they will wield
The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
To save appearances, how gird the sphere

With

With centric and eccentric ſcribled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb:
Already by thy reaſoning this I gueſs,
Who art to lead thy offspring, and ſuppoſeſt
That bodies bright and greater ſhould not ſerve
The leſs not bright, nor Heav'n ſuch journeys run,
Earth fitting ſtill, when ſhe alone receives
The benefit: conſider firſt, that great
Or bright infers not excellence: the earth
Though, in compariſon of Heav'n, ſo ſmall,
Nor glift'ring, may of ſolid good contain
More plenty than the ſun that barren ſhines,
Whoſe virtue on itſelf works no effect,
But in the fruitful earth; there firſt receiv'd
His beams, unactive elſe, their vigor find.
Yet not to earth are thoſe bright luminaries
Officious, but to thee earth's habitant.
And for the Heav'n's wide circuit, let it ſpeak
The Maker's high magnificence, who built
So ſpacious, and his line ſtretch'd out ſo far;
That Man may know he dwells not in his own;
An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodg'd in a ſmall partition, and the reſt
Ordain'd for uſes to his Lord beſt known.
The ſwiftneſs of thoſe circles attribúte,
Though numberleſs, to his omnipotence,
That to corporeal ſubſtances could add
Speed almoſt ſpiritual; me thou think'ſt not ſlow,
Who ſince the morning hour ſet out from Heaven
Where God reſides, and ere mid-day arriv'd

In

In Eden, diſtance inexpreſſible
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting motion in the Heav'ns, to ſhow
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
Not that I ſo affirm, though ſo it ſeem
To thee who haſt thy dwelling here on earth.
God to remove his ways from human ſenſe,
Plac'd Heav'n from Earth ſo far, that earthly ſight,
If it preſume, might err in things too high,
And no advantage gain. What if the ſun
Be center to the world, and other ſtars
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Their wand'ring courſe now high, now low, then hid,
Progreſſive, retrograde, or ſtanding ſtill,
In ſix thou ſeeſt, and what if ſev'nth to theſe
The planet earth, ſo ſtedfaſt though ſhe ſeem,
Inſenſibly three different motions move?
Which elſe to ſeveral ſpheres thou muſt aſcribe,
Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities,
Or ſave the ſun his labor, and that ſwift
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb ſuppos'd,
Inviſible elſe above all ſtars, the wheel
Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,
If earth induſtrious of herſelf fetch day
Traveling eaſt, and with her part averſe
From the ſun's beam meet night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light
Sent from her through the wide tranſpicuous air,
To the terreſtrial moon be as a ſtar

Inlightning

Inlightning her by day, as ſhe by night
This earth ? reciprocal, if land be there,
Fields and inhabitants: Her ſpots thou ſeeſt
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
Fruits in her ſoften'd ſoil, for ſome to eat
Allotted there; and other ſuns perhaps
With their attendent moons thou wilt deſcry
Communicating male and female light,
Which two great ſexes animate the world,
Stor'd in each orb perhaps with ſome that live.
For ſuch vaſt room in nature unpoſſeſs'd
By living ſoul, deſert and deſolate,
Only to ſhine, yet ſcarce to contribute
Each orb a glimpſe of light, convey'd ſo far
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to diſpute.
But whether thus theſe things, or whether not,
Whether the ſun predominant in Heaven
Riſe on the earth, or earth riſe on the ſun,
He from the eaſt his flaming road begin,
Or ſhe from weſt her ſilent courſe advance
With inoffenſive pace that ſpinning ſleeps
On her ſoft axle, while ſhe paces even,
And bears thee ſoft with the ſmooth air along,
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
Leave them to God above, him ſerve and fear;
Of other creatures, as him pleaſes beſt,
Wherever plac'd, let him diſpoſe: joy thou
In what he gives to thee, this Paradiſe
And thy fair Eve; Heav'n is for thee too high

To

To know what paſſes there; be lowly wiſe:
Think only what concerns thee and thy being;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
Live, in what ſtate, condition or degree,
Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd
Not of Earth only but of higheſt Heaven.

To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, reply'd.
How fully haſt thou ſatisfy'd me, pure
Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel ſerene,
And, freed from intricacies, taught to live
The eaſieſt way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the ſweet of life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
And not moleſt us, unleſs we ourſelves
Seek them with wand'ring thoughts, and notions vain.
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, ſhe learn,
That not to know at large of things remote
From uſe, obſcure and ſubtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wiſdom; what is more, is fume,
Or emptineſs, or fond impertinence,
And renders us in things that moſt concern
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and ſtill to ſeek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us deſcend
A lower flight, and ſpeak of things at hand
Uſeful, whence haply mention may ariſe
Of ſomething not unſeaſonable to aſk
By ſufferance, and thy wonted favor deign'd.

Thee

Thee I have heard relating what was done
Ere my remembrance: now hear me relate
My ſtory, which perhaps thou haſt not heard;
And day is not yet ſpent; till then thou ſeeſt
How ſubtly to detain thee I deviſe,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:
For while I ſit with thee, I ſeem in Heaven,
And ſweeter thy diſcourſe is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree pleaſanteſt to thirſt
And hunger both, from labor, at the hour
Of ſweet repaſt; they ſatiate, and ſoon fill
Though pleaſant, but thy words with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their ſweetneſs no ſatiety.

To whom thus Raphael anſwer'd heav'nly meek.
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath alſo pour'd
Inward and outward both, his image fair:
Speaking or mute all comelineſs and grace
Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms;
Nor leſs think we in Heav'n of thee on Earth
Than of our fellow-ſervant, and inquire
Gladly into the ways of God with Man:
For God we ſee hath honor'd thee, and ſet
On Man his equal love: ſay therefore on;
For I that day was abſent, as befel,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obſcure,
Far on excurſion tow'ard the gates of Hell;
Squar'd in full legion (ſuch command we had)

To

To ſee that none thence iſſued forth a ſpy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work,
Leſt he incens'd at ſuch eruption bold,
Deſtruction with creation might have mix'd.
Not that they durſt without his leave attempt,
But as he ſends upon his high beheſts
For ſtate, as Sovran King, and to inure
Our prompt obedience. Faſt we found, faſt ſhut
The diſmal gates, and barricado'd ſtrong;
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noiſe, other than the ſound of dance or ſong,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coaſts of light
Ere ſabbath evening: ſo we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words no leſs than thou with mine.
So ſpake the Godlike Pow'r, and thus our ſire.
For Man to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himſelf beginning knew?
Deſire with thee ſtill longer to converſe
Induc'd me. As new wak'd from ſoundeſt ſleep
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
In balmy ſweat, which with his beams the ſun
Soon dry'd, and on the reaking moiſture fed.
Strait toward Heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample ſky, till rais'd
By quick inſtinctive motion up I ſprung,
As thitherward endevoring, and upright
Stood on my feet; about me round I ſaw
Hill, dale, and ſhady woods, and ſunny plains,

And liquid lapſe of murm'ring ſtreams; by theſe,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things ſmil'd,
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myſelf I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and ſometimes went, and ſometimes ran
With ſupple joints, as lively vigor led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cauſe,
Knew not; to ſpeak I try'd, and forthwith ſpake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I ſaw. Thou Sun, ſaid I, fair light,
And thou inlighten'd Earth, ſo freſh and gay,
Ye Hills, and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures tell,
Tell, if ye ſaw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myſelf; by ſome great Maker then,
In goodneſs and in pow'r præeminent;
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.
While thus I call'd, and ſtray'd I knew not whither,
From where I firſt drew air, and firſt beheld
This happy light, when anſwer none return'd
On a green ſhady bank profuſe of flowers
Penſive I ſat me down; there gentle ſleep
Firſt found me, and with ſoft oppreſſion ſeiz'd
My drouſed ſenſe, untroubled, though I thought
I then was paſſing to my former ſtate
Inſenſible, and forthwith to diſſolve:
When ſuddenly ſtood at my head a dream,

Whoſe

Whoſe inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And liv'd: One came, methought, of ſhape divine,
And ſaid, Thy manſion wants thee, Adam, riſe,
Firſt Man, of men innumerable ordain'd
Firſt Father, call'd by thee I come thy guide
To the garden of bliſs, thy ſeat prepar'd.
So ſaying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth ſliding without ſtep, laſt led me up
A woody mountain; whoſe high top was plain,
A circuit wide, inclos'd, with goodlieſt trees
Planted, with walks, and bow'rs, that what I ſaw
Of earth before ſcarce pleaſant ſeem'd. Each tree
Loaden with faireſt fruit that hung to th' eye
Tempting, ſtirr'd in me ſudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively ſhadow'd: Here had new begun
My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Preſence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiſs: he rear'd me', and Whom thou ſought'ſt I am,
Said mildly, Author of all this thou ſeeſt
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This Paradiſe I give thee, count it thine
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat
Of every tree that in the garden grows

Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
But of the tree whoſe operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have ſet
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden by the tree of life,
Remember what I warn thee, ſhun to taſte,
And ſhun the bitter conſequence: for know,
The day thou eat'ſt thereof, my ſole command
Tranſgreſs'd, inevitably thou ſhalt die,
From that day mortal, and this happy ſtate
Shalt loſe, expell'd from hence into a world
Of woe and ſorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd
The rigid interdiction, which reſounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
Not to incur; but ſoon his clear aſpect
Return'd, and gracious purpoſe thus renew'd.
Not only theſe fair bounds, but all the earth
To thee and to thy race I give; as lords
Poſſeſs it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in ſea, or air, beaſt, fiſh, and fowl,
In ſign whereof each bird and beaſt behold
After their kinds; I bring them to receive
From thee their names, and pay thee feälty
With low ſubjection; underſtand the ſame
Of fiſh within their watry reſidence,
Not hither ſummon'd, ſince they cannot change
Their element to draw the thinner air.
As thus he ſpake, each bird and beaſt behold
Approaching two and two, theſe cowring low

With

With blandiſhment, each bird ſtoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them, as they paſs'd, and underſtood
Their nature, with ſuch knowledge God indued
My ſudden apprehenſion: but in theſe
I found not what methought I wanted ſtill;
And to the heav'nly viſion thus preſum'd.

O by what name, for thou above all theſe,
Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,
Surpaſſeſt far my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this univerſe,
And all this good to man? for whoſe well-being
So amply, and with hands ſo liberal
Thou haſt provided all things: but with me
I ſee not who partakes. In ſolitude
What happineſs, who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I preſumptuous; and the viſion bright,
As with a ſmile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.

What call'ſt thou ſolitude? is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air
Repleniſh'd, and all theſe at thy command
To come and play before thee? know'ſt thou not
Their language and their ways? they alſo know,
And reaſon not contemptibly; with theſe
Find paſtime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.
So ſpake the univerſal Lord, and ſeem'd
So ord'ring. I with leave of ſpeech implor'd,
And humble deprecation thus reply'd.

Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Power,

My maker, be propitious while I ſpeak.
Haſt thou not made me here thy ſubſtitute,
And theſe inferior far beneath me ſet?
Among unequals what ſociety
Can ſort, what harmony or true delight?
Which muſt be mutual, in proportion due
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in diſparity
The one intenſe, the other ſtill remiſs
Cannot well ſuit with either, but ſoon prove
Tedious alike: Of fellowſhip I ſpeak
Such as I ſeek, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human conſort; they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioneſs;
So fitly them in pairs thou haſt combin'd;
Much leſs can bird with beaſt, or fiſh with fowl
So well converſe, nor with the ox the ape;
Worſe then can man with beaſt, and leaſt of all.
Whereto th' Almighty anſwer'd not diſpleas'd.
A nice and ſubtle happineſs I ſee
Thou to thyſelf propoſeſt, in the choice
Of thy aſſociates, Adam, and wilt taſte
No pleaſure, though in pleaſure, ſolitary.
What think'ſt thou then of me, and this my ſtate?
Seem I to thee ſufficiently poſſeſs'd
Of happineſs, or not? who am alone
From all eternity, for none I know
Second to me or like, equal much leſs.
How have I then with whom to hold converſe

Save

Save with the creatures which I made, and thoſe
To me inferior, infinite deſcents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?
He ceas'd, I lowly anſwer'd. To attain
The highth and depth of thy eternal ways
All human thoughts come ſhort, Supreme of things;
Thou in thyſelf art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficience found; not ſo is Man,
But in degree, the cauſe of his deſire
By converſation with his like to help,
Or ſolace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldſt propagate, already infinite,
And through all numbers abſolute, though one;
But Man by number is to manifeſt
His ſingle imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiply'd,
In unity defective, which requires
Collateral love, and deareſt amity.
Thou in thy ſecreſy although alone,
Beſt with thyſelf accompanied, ſeek'ſt not
Social communication, yet ſo pleas'd,
Canſt raiſe thy creature to what highth thou wilt
Of union or communion, deify'd;
I by converſing cannot theſe erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.
Thus I imbolden'd ſpake, and freedom us'd
Permiſſive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
This anſwer from the gracious voice divine.
Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,

And find thee knowing not of beaſts alone,
Which thou haſt rightly nam'd, but of thyſelf,
Expreſſing well the ſpi'rit within thee free,
My image, not imparted to the brute,
Whoſe fellowſhip therefore unmeet for thee
Good reaſon was thou freely ſhouldſt diſlike,
And be ſo minded ſtill; I, ere thou ſpak'ſt,
Knew it not good for Man to be alone,
And no ſuch company as then thou ſaw'ſt
Intended thee, for trial only brought,
To ſee how thou could'ſt judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring ſhall pleaſe thee, be aſſur'd,
Thy likeneſs, thy fit help, thy other ſelf,
Thy wiſh exactly to thy heart's deſire.
He ended, or I heard no more, for now
My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,
Which it had long ſtood under, ſtrain'd to th' highth,
In that celeſtial colloquy ſublime,
As with an object that excels the ſenſe
Dazled and ſpent, ſunk down, and ſought repair
Of ſleep, which inſtantly fell on me, call'd
By nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.
Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell
Of fancy my internal ſight, by which
Abſtract as in a trance methought I ſaw,
Though ſleeping, where I lay, and ſaw the ſhape
Still glorious before whom awake I ſtood;
Who ſtooping open'd my left ſide, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial ſpirits warm,

And

And life-blood ſtreaming freſh; wide was the wound,
But ſuddenly with fleſh fill'd up and heal'd:
The rib he form'd and faſhion'd with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Manlike, but different ſex, ſo lovely fair,
That what ſeem'd fair in all the world, ſeem'd now
Mean, or in her ſumm'd up, in her contain'd
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetneſs into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inſpir'd
The ſpi'rit of love and amorous delight.
She diſappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loſs, and other pleaſures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I ſaw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could beſtow
To make her amiable: On ſhe came,
Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unſeen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial ſanctity and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her ſteps, Heav'n in her eye,
In every geſture dignity and love.
I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.

This turn hath made amends; thou haſt fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but faireſt this
Of all thy gifts, nor envieſt. I now ſee
Bone of my bone, fleſh of my fleſh, myſelf

Before me; Woman is her name, of Man
Extracted; for this cauſe he ſhall forego
Father and mother, and to' his wife adhere;
And they ſhall be one fleſh, one heart, one ſoul.
She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
Yet innocence and virgin modeſty,
Her virtue and the conſcience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unſought be won,
Not obvious, not obtruſive, but retir'd,
The more deſirable, or to ſay all,
Nature herſelf, though pure of ſinful thought,
Wrought in her ſo, that ſeeing me, ſhe turn'd;
I follow'd her, ſhe what was honor knew,
And with obſequious majeſty approv'd
My pleaded reaſon. To the nuptial bower
I led her bluſhing like the morn: all Heaven,
And happy conſtellations on that hour
Shed their ſelecteſt influence; the earth
Gave ſign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; freſh gales and gentle airs
Whiſper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung roſe, flung odors from the ſpicy ſhrub,
Diſporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung ſpouſal, and bid haſte the evening ſtar
On this hill top, to light the bridal lamp.
Thus have I told thee all my ſtate, and brought
My ſtory to the ſum of earthly bliſs
Which I enjoy, and muſt confeſs to find
In all things elſe delight indeed, but ſuch

As

As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement deſire, theſe delicacies
I mean of taſte, ſight, ſmell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
Walks, and the melody of birds; but here
Far otherwiſe, tranſported I behold,
Tranſported touch; here paſſion firſt I felt,
Commotion ſtrange, in all enjoyments elſe
Superior and unmov'd, here only weak
Againſt the charm of beauty's pow'rful glance.
Or nature fail'd in me, and left ſome part
Not proof enough ſuch object to ſuſtain,
Or from my ſide ſubducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at leaſt on her beſtow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward ſhow
Elaborate, of inward leſs exact.
For well I underſtand in the prime end
Of nature her th' inferior, in the mind
And inward faculties, which moſt excel,
In outward alſo her reſembling leſs
His image who made both, and leſs expreſſing
The character of that dominion given
O'er other creatures; yet when I approach
Her lovelineſs, ſo abſolute ſhe ſeems
And in herſelf complete, ſo well to know
Her own, that what ſhe wills to do or ſay,
Seems wiſeſt, virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt;
All higher knowledge in her preſence falls
Degraded, wiſdom in diſcourſe with her
Loſes diſcountenanc'd, and like folly ſhows;

Authority

Authority and reaſon on her wait,
As one intended firſt, not after made
Occaſionally; and to conſummate all,
Greatneſs of mind, and nobleneſs their ſeat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.
To whom the Angel with contracted brow.
Accuſe not nature, ſhe hath done her part;
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
Of wiſdom, ſhe deſerts thee not, if thou
Diſmiſs not her, when moſt thou need'ſt her nigh,
By attributing over much to things
Leſs excellent, as thou thyſelf perceiv'ſt.
For what admir'ſt thou, what tranſports thee ſo,
An outſide? fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cheriſhing, thy honoring, and thy love,
Not thy ſubjection: weigh with her thyſelf;
Then value: Oft-times nothing profits more
Than ſelf-eſteem, grounded on juſt and right
Well manag'd; of that ſkill the more thou know'ſt,
The more ſhe will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her ſhows:
Made ſo adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honor thou may'ſt love
Thy mate, who ſees when thou art ſeen leaſt wiſe.
But if the ſenſe of touch whereby mankind
Is propagated ſeem ſuch dear delight
Beyond all other, think the ſame vouchſaf'd
To cattel and each beaſt; which would not be

To

To them made common and divulg'd, if ought
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to ſubdue
The ſoul of man, or paſſion in him move.
What high'er in her ſociety thou find'ſt
Attractive, human, rational, love ſtill;
In loving thou doſt well, in paſſion not,
Wherein true love conſiſts not; love refines
The thoughts, and heart inlarges, hath his ſeat
In rea'ſon, and is judicious, is the ſcale
By which to heav'nly love thou may'ſt aſcend,
Not ſunk in carnal pleaſure, for which cauſe
Among the beaſts no mate for thee was found.
To whom thus half abaſh'd Adam reply'd.
Neither her outſide form'd ſo fair, nor ought
In procreation common to all kinds
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with myſterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as thoſe graceful acts,
Thoſe thouſand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions mix'd with love
And ſweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one ſoul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair
More grateful than harmonious ſound to th' ear.
Yet theſe ſubject not; I to thee diſcloſe
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,
Who meet with various objects, from the ſenſe
Variouſly repreſenting; yet ſtill free
Approve the beſt, and follow what I approve.

To

To love thou blam'ſt me not, for love thou ſay'ſt
Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;
Bear with me then, if lawful what I aſk;
Love not the heav'nly Spi'rits, and how their love
Expreſs they, by looks only', or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the Angel with a ſmile that glow'd
Celeſtial roſy red, love's proper hue,
Anſwer'd. Let it ſuffice thee that thou know'ſt
Us happy', and without love no happineſs.
Whatever pure thou in the body' enjoy'ſt
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence, and obſtacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, excluſive bars;
Eaſier than air with air, if Spi'rits embrace,
Total they mix, union of pure with pure
Deſiring; nor reſtrain'd conveyance need
As fleſh to mix with fleſh, or ſoul with ſoul.
But I can now no more; the parting ſun
Beyond the earth's green Cape and verdant Iles
Heſperian ſets, my ſignal to depart.
Be ſtrong, live happy', and love, but firſt of all
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command; take heed leſt paſſion ſway
Thy judgment to do ought, which elſe free will
Would not admit; thine and of all thy ſons
The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware.
I in thy perſevering ſhall rejoice,
And all the Bleſt: ſtand faſt; to ſtand or fall

Free

Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.
Perfect within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to tranſgreſs repel.
So ſaying, he aroſe; whom Adam thus
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,
Go heav'nly Gueſt, ethereal Meſſenger,
Sent from whoſe ſovran goodneſs I adore.
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condeſcenſion, and ſhall be' honor'd ever
With grateful memory: thou to mankind
Be good and friendly ſtill, and oft return.
So parted they, the Angel up to Heaven
From the thick ſhade, and Adam to his bower.

THE END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

In eandem.

SIccine tentaſti cœlo donâſſe Iacobum
Quæ ſeptemgemino Bellua monte lates?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce precor donis inſidioſa tuis.
Ille quidem ſine te conſortia ſerus adivit
Aſtra, nec inferni pulveris uſus ope.
Sic potiùs fœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,
Namque hac aut aliâ niſi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi cœli vix bene ſcandet iter.

In eandem.

PUrgatorem animæ deriſit Iacobus ignem,
Et ſine quo ſuperûm non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trinâ monſtrum Latiale coronâ,
Movit & horrificum cornua dena minax.
Et nec inultus ait temnes mea ſacra Britanne,
Supplicium ſpreta relligione dabis.
Et ſi ſtelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
Non niſi per flammas triſte patebit iter.
O quàm funeſto ceciniſti proxima vero,
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura ſuis!
Nam prope Tartareo ſublime rotatus ab igni
Ibat ad æthereas umbra peruſta plagas.

In eandem.

In eandem.

QUEM modò Roma ſuis devoverat impia diris,
Et Styge damnârat Tænarioque ſinu,
Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere geſtit ad aſtra,
Et cupit ad ſuperos evehere uſque Deos.

In inventorem bombardæ.

IApetionidem laudavit cæca vetuſtas,
Qui tulit ætheream ſolis ab axe facem;
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
Et trifidum fulmen ſurripuiſſe Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.

ANgelus unicuique ſuus (ſic credite gentes)
Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum? Leonora tibi ſi gloria major,
Nam tua præſentem vox ſonat ipſa Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli
Per tua ſecretò guttura ſerpit agens;
Serpit agens, faciliſque docet mortalia corda
Senſim immortali aſſueſcere poſſe ſono.
Quòd ſi cuncta quidem Deus eſt, per cunctaque fuſus,
In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

Ad eandem.

ALtera Torquantum cepit Leonora poetam,
Cujus ab inſano ceſſit amore furens.
Ah miſer ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo
Perditus, & propter te Leonora foret!
Et te Pieriâ ſenſiſſet voce canentem
Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ,
Quamvis Dircæo torſiſſet lumina Pentheo
Sævior, aut totus deſipuiſſet iners,
Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine ſenſus
Voce eadem poteras compoſuiſſe tuâ;
Et poteras ægro ſpirans ſub corde quietem
Flexanimo cantu reſtituiſſe ſibi.

Ad eandem.

CRedula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,
Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,
Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ
Corpora Chalcidico ſacra dediſſe rogo?
Illa quidem vivitque, & amœnâ Tibridis undâ
Mutavit rauci murmura Pauſilipi.
Illic Romulidûm ſtudiis ornata ſecundis,
Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

* Apologus de Ruſtico & Hero.

RUſticus ex malo ſapidiſſima poma quotannis
Legit, & urbano lecta dedit Domino:
Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus
Malum ipſam in proprias tranſtulit areolas.
Hactenus illa ferax, ſed longò debilis ævo,
Mota ſolo aſſueto, protenùs aret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, ſpe luſus inani,
Damnavit celeres in ſua damna manus.
Atque ait, heu quantò ſatius fuit illa Coloni
(Parva licet) grato dona tuliſſe animo!
Poſſem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:
Nunc periere mihi & fœtus & ipſe parens.

ELEGIARUM FINIS.

* Added in the Edit. 1673.

SYL-

SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno Ætatis 16.

In obitum * Procancellarii medici.

PArere fati diſcite legibus,
Manuſque Parcæ jam date ſupplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iäpeti colitis nepotes.
Vos ſi relicto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ
Tentantur incaſsùm dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum eſt.
Si deſtinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Neſſi venenatus cruore
Æmathiâ jacuiſſet Oetâ.
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidiſſet occiſum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Enſe Locro, Jove lacrymante.

* Dr. John Goſlyn, Maſter of Caius college, and the King's Profeſſor of phyſic, who died when he was a ſecond time Vice-Chancellor in October 1626.

Si triſte fatum verba Hecatëia
Fugare poſſint, Telegoni parens
Vixiſſet infamis, potentique
Ægiali ſoror uſa virgâ.
Numenque trinum fallere ſi queant
Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidiſſet haſtâ.
Læſiſſet & nec te Philyreie
Sagitta echidnæ perlita ſanguine,
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum
Cæſe puer genitricis alvo.
Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
Frondoſa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicon in undis,
Jam præfuiſſes Palladio gregi
Lætus, ſuperſtes, nec ſine gloria,
Nec puppe luſtraſſes Charontis
Horribiles barathri receſſus.
At fila rupit Perſephone tua
Irata, cum te viderit artibus
Succoque pollenti tot atris
Faucibus eripuiſſe mortis.
Colende Præſes, membra precor tua
Molli quieſcant ceſpite, & ex tuo
Creſcant roſæ, calthæque buſto,
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.

Sit

Sit mite de te judicium Æaci,
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proſerpina,
Interque felices perennis
Elyſio ſpatiere campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno Ætatis 17.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Iäcobus ab arcto
Teucrigenas populos, latéque patentia regna
Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificuſque novo felix diveſque ſedebat
In ſolio, occultique doli ſecurus & hoſtis:
Cum ferus igniſluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
Forte per immenſum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans ſceleris ſocios, vernaſque fideles,
Participes regni poſt funera mœſta futuros;
Hic tempeſtates medio ciet aëre diras,
Illic unanimes odium ſtruit inter amicos,
Armat & invictas in mutua viſcera gentes;
Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,
Et quoſcunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magiſter
Tentat inacceſſum ſceleri corrumpere pectus,
Inſidiaſque locat tacitas, caſſeſque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, ſeu Caſpia tigris
Inſequitur trepidam deſerta per avia prædam
Nocte ſub illuni, & ſomno nictantibus aſtris.
Talibus infeſtat populos Summanus & urbes
Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.

Jamque fluentiſonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
Æquore tranato furiali poſcere bello,
Ante expugnatæ crudelia ſæcula Trojæ.
At ſimul hanc opibuſque & feſtâ pace beatam
Aſpicit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem ſuſpiria rupit
Tartareos ignes & luridum olentia ſulphur;
Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clauſus in Ætna
Efflat tabifico monſtroſus ab ore Typhœus.
Igneſcunt oculi, ſtridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuſpide cuſpis
Atque pererrato ſolum hoc lacrymabile mundo
Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi ſola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, noſtraque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea ſi quicquam tentamina poſſunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.
Hactenus; & piceis liquido natat aëre pennis;
Quà volat, adverſi præcurſant agmine venti,
Denſantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.
Jamque pruinoſas velox ſuperaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Auſoniæ fines, à parte ſiniſtra
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priſcique Sabini,
Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva Tibris Thetidi videt oſcula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ conſiſtit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam ſera crepuſcula lucem,

Cum

Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
Panificoſque Deos portat, ſcapuliſque virorum
Evehitur, præeunt ſubmiſſo poplite reges,
Et mendicantum ſeries longiſſima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus geſtant funalia cæci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.
Templa dein multis ſubeunt lucentia tædis
(Veſper erat ſacer iſte Petro) fremituſque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Aſopus in undis,
Et procul ipſe cavâ reſponſat rupe Cithæron.
His igitur tandem ſolenni more peractis,
Nox ſenis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipiteſque impellit equos ſtimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemque ferocem,
Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, & hirſutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim ſecretus adulter
Producit ſteriles molli ſine pellice noctes)
At vix compoſitos ſomnus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque filentum,
Prædatorque hominum falsâ ſub imagine tectus
Aſtitit, aſſumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
Barba ſinus promiſſa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum veſtis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raſo, & ne quicquam deſit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos conſtrixit funе ſalaces,

Tarda feneſtratis figens veſtigia calceis.
Talis, uti fama eſt, vaſtâ Franciſcus eremo
Tetra vagabatur ſolus per luſtra ferarum,
Sylveſtrique tulit genti pia verba ſalutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycoſque leones.
Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
Dormis, nate? Etiamne tuos ſopor opprimit artus?
Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata ſub axe,
Dumque pharetrati ſpernunt tua jura Britanni:
Surge, age, ſurge piger, Latinus quem Cæſar adorat,
Cui reſcrata patet convexi janua cœli,
Turgentes animos, & faſtus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique ſciant, tua quid maledictio poſſit,
Et quid Apoſtolicæ poſſit cuſtodia clavis;
Et memor Heſperiæ disjectam ulciſcere claſſem,
Merſaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot [redacted]pora fixa proboſcæ,
Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella.
At tu ſi tenero mavis torpeſcere lecto,
Creſcenteſque negas hoſti contundere vires,
Tyrrhenum implebit numeroſo milite pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
Reliquias veterum franget, flammiſque cremabit,
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant ſoleis dare baſia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte laceſſes,
Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,

Quælibet

Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est;
Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, & procerum de stirpe creatos,
Grandævosque patres trabeâ, canisque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
Ædibus injecto, quà convenere, sub imis.
Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos
Propositi, factique mone, quisquàmne tuorum
Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ?
Perculsosque metu subito, casúque stupentes
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.
Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.
Dixit & adscitos ponens malefidus amictus
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.
Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mœstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis;
Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ,
Nocturnos visus, & somnia grata * revolvens.
Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,
Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,
Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,
Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.

* forsan---resolvens.

Hic

Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque ſaxa,
Oſſa inhumata virum, & trajecta cadavera ferro;
His Dolus intortis ſemper ſedet ater ocellis,
Jurgiaque, & ſtimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
Et Timor, exanguiſque locum circumvolat Horror,
Perpetuoque leves per muta ſilentia Manes
Exululant, tellus & ſanguine conſcia ſtagnat.
Ipſi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloque ſequente per antrum,
Antrum horrens, ſcopuloſum, atrum feralibus umbris
Diffugiunt ſontes, & retrò lumina vortunt;
Hos pugiles Romæ per ſæcula longa fideles
Evocat antiſtes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
Finibus occiduis circumfuſum incolit æquor
Gens exoſa mihi, prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitus noſtro conjungere mundo:
Illuc, ſic jubeo, celeri contendite greſſu,
Tatareoque leves diffluntur pulvere in auras
Et rex & pariter ſatrapæ, ſcelerata propago,
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ
Conſilii ſocios adhibete, operiſque miniſtros.
Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.
Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
Deſpicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perverſæ ridet conamina turbæ,
Atque ſui cauſam populi volet ipſe tueri.
Eſſe ferunt ſpatium, quà diſtat ab Aſide terra
Fertilis Europe, & ſpectat Mareotidas undas;
Hic turris poſita eſt Titanidos ardua Famæ

Ærea,

Ærea, lata, ſonans, rutilis vicinior aſtris
Quàm ſuperimpoſitum vel Athos vel Pelion Oſſæ.
Mille fores adituſque patent, totidemque feneſtræ,
Amplaque per tenues tranſlucent atria muros:
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata ſuſurros;
Qualiter inſtrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
Agmina muſcarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis æſtivum cœli petit ardua culmen.
Ipſa quidem ſummâ ſedet ultrix matris in arce,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Queis ſonitum exiguum trahit, atque leviſſima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot, Ariſtoride ſervator inique juvencæ
Iſidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia ſomno,
Lumina ſubjectas late ſpectantia terras.
Iſtis illa ſolet loca luce carentia ſæpe
Perluſtrare, etiam radianti impervia ſoli:
Milleniſque loquax auditaque viſaque linquis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
Nunc minuit, modo confictis ſermonibus auget.
Sed tamen à noſtro meruiſti carmine laudes
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memoraſſe pigebit
Carmine tam longo, ſervati ſcilicet Angli
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmiſſo alloquitur, terrâque tremente:
Fama ſiles? an te latet impia Papiſtarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meoſque Britannos,

Et

Et nova ſceptigero cædes meditata Iacobo?
Nec plura, illa ſtatim ſenſit mandata Tonantis,
Et ſatis ante fugax ſtridentes induit alas,
Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis;
Dextra tubam geſtat Temeſæo ex ære ſonoram.
Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum eſt curſu celeres prævertere nubes,
Jam ventos, jam ſolis equos poſt terga reliquit:
Et primo Angliacas ſolito de more per urbes
Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura ſpargit,
Mox arguta dolos, & deteſtabile vulgat
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
Authoreſque addit ſceleris, nec garrula cæcis
Inſidiis loca ſtructa ſilet; ſtupuere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
Effœtique ſenes pariter tantæque ruinæ
Senſus ad ætatem ſubito penetraverat omnem.
Attamen interea populi miſereſcit ab alto
Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obſtitit auſis
Papicolûm; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres;
At pia thura Deo, & grati ſolvuntur honores;
Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

Anno

Anno ætatis 17. In obitum * Præſulis Elienſis.

ADHUC madentes rore ſqualebant genæ,
Et ficca nondum lumina
Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant ſalis,
Quem nuper effudi pius,
Dum mœſta charo juſta perſolvi rogo
Wintonienſis Præſulis.
Cum centilinguis Fama (proh ſemper mali
Cladiſque vera nuntia)
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
Populoſque Neptuno ſatos
Ceſſiſſe morti, & ferreis ſororibus
Te generis humani decus,
Qui rex ſacrorum illâ fuiſti in inſulâ
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
Ebulliebat fervidâ,
Tumulis potentem ſæpe devovens deam:
Nec vota Naſo in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore,
Graiuſque vates parcius
Turpem Lycambis execratus eſt dolum,
Sponſamque Neobolen ſuam.
At ecce diras ipſe dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,

* Nicholas Felton who died October 5, 1626.

Audiſſe

Audiſſe tales videor attonitus ſonos
Leni, ſub aurâ, flamine:
Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
Bilemque & irritas minas,
Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
Subitoque ad iras percita?
Non eſt, ut arbitraris eluſus miſer,
Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebóve patre creta, ſive Erinnye,
Vaſtove nata ſub Chao:
Aſt illa cœlo miſſa ſtellato, Dei
Meſſes ubique colligit;
Animaſque mole carneâ reconditas
In lucem & auras evocat;
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
Themidos Joviſque filiæ;
Et ſempiterni ducit ad vultus patris:
At juſta raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuoſa Tartari,
Sedeſque ſubterraneas.
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatileſque fauſtus inter milites
Ad aſtra ſublimis feror:
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum ſenex
Auriga currus ignei
Non me Bootis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidoloſi Scorpionis brachia,
Non enſis Orion tuus.

Prætervolavi fulgidi ſolis globum,
Longéque ſub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat ſuos
Frænis dracones aureis.
Erraticorum, ſiderum per ordines,
Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem ſæpe miratus novam,
Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum eſt Olympi, & regiam cryſtallinam, &
Stratum ſmaragdis atrium.
Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
Oriundus humano patre
Amœnitates illius loci? mihi
Sat eſt in eternum frui.

Naturam non pati ſenium.

HEU quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiſcit
Avia mens hominum, tenebriſque immerſa profundis
Oedipodioniam volvit ſub pectore noctem!
Quæ veſana ſuis metiri facta deorum
Audet, & inciſas leges adamante perenni
Aſſimilare ſuis, nulloque ſolubile ſæclo
Conſilium fati perituris alligat horis.
Ergóne marceſcet ſulcantibus obſita rugis
Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater
Omniparum contracta uterum ſterileſcet ab ævo?
Et ſe faſſa ſenem malè certis paſſibus ibit
Siderum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetuſtas
Annorumque æterna fames, ſqualorque ſituſque

Sidera

Sidera vexabunt? an & inſatiabile Tempus
Eſuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viſcera patrem?
Heu, potuitne ſuas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munîſſe nefas, & Temporis iſto
Exemiſſe malo, gyroſque dediſſe perennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque ſono dilapſa tremendo
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
Stridat uterque polus, ſuperâque ut Olympius aulâ
Decidat, horribiliſque retectâ Gorgone Pallas;
Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbato ſacro cecidit de limine cœli?
Tu quoque Phœbe tui caſus imitabere nati
Præcipiti curru, ſubitâque ferere ruinâ
Pronus, & extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia ſibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aërei divulſis ſedibus Hæmi
Diſſultabit apex, imoque alliſa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
In ſuperos quibus uſus erat, fraternaque bella.
At pater omnipotens fundatis fortius aſtris
Conſuluit rerum ſummæ, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine ſummo
Singula perpetuum juſſit ſervare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapſu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat & ambitos ſociâ vertigine cœlos.
Tardior haud ſolito Saturnus, & acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat criſtatâ caſſide Mavors.
Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruſcat,
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; ſed ſemper amicâ

Luce

Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum.
Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
Manè vocans, & ferus agens in pascua cœli,
Temporis & gemino dispertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.
Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, & raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
Sed neque Terra tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti
Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
Et puer ille suum tenet & puer ille decorem
Phœbe tuusque & Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum,
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
Circumplexa polos, & vasti culmina cœli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit.

Dicite sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
Monumenta servans, & ratas leges Jovis,
Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm,
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unusque & universus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;
Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
Tamen seorsùs extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;
Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimúmve terris incolit lunæ globum:
Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens
Oblivioſas torpet ad Lethes aquas:
Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plaga
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput
Atlante major portitore siderum.
Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit
Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
Non hunc silenti nocte Plëiones nepos

Vatum

um ſagaci præpes oſtendit choro;
ı hunc ſacerdos novit Aſſyrius, licet
igos vetuſti commemoret atavos Nini,
cumque Belon, inclytumque Oſiridem.
ı ille trino glorioſus nomine
: magnus Hermes (ut ſit arcani ſciens)
em reliquit Iſidis cultoribus.
tu perenne ruris Academi decus
ec monſtra ſi tu primus induxti ſcholis)
ı jam poetas urbis exules tuæ
ocabis, ipſe fabulator maximus,
t inſtitutor ipſe migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

JUNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
lvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
tenues oblita ſonos audacibus alis
gat in officium venerandi Muſa parentis.
c utcunque tibi gratum pater optime carmen
iguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipſi
ıtiùs à nobis quæ poſſint munera donis
ſpondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima poſſint
ſpondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
e queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
l tamen hæc noſtros oſtendit pagina cenſus,
quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus iſtâ,
iæ mihi ſunt nullæ, niſi quas dedit aurea Clio,
ias mihi ſemoto ſomni peperere ſub antro,
nemoris laureta ſacri Parnaſſides umbræ.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum deſpice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & ſemina cœli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Promethéæ retinens veſtigia flammæ.
Carmen amant ſuperi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divoſque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.
Carmine ſepoſiti retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades, & tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ;
Carmina ſacrificus ſollennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea ſeu ſternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cùm fata ſagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Conſulit, & tepidis Parcam ſcrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc eum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ ſtabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
Dulcia ſuaviloquo ſociantes carmina plectro,
Aſtra quibus, geminique poli convexa ſonabunt.
Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque fidereis intercinit ipſe choreis
Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compeſcit ſibila ſerpens,
Demiſſoque ferox gladio manſueſcit Orion;
Stellarum nec ſentit onus Mauruſius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare ſolebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vaſtæque immenſa vorago
Nota gulæ, & modico ſpumabat cœna Lyæo.
Tum de more ſedens feſta ad convivia vates
Æſculeâ intonſos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroümque actus, imitandaque geſta canebat,

Et

Et chaos, & poſiti latè fundamina mundi,
Reptanteſque deos, & alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætneo quæſitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
Verborum ſenſuſque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Sylveſtres decet iſte choros, non Orphea cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures
Carmine, non citharâ, ſimulachraque functa canendo
Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.

Nec tu perge precor ſacras contemnere Muſas,
Nec vanas inopeſque puta, quarum ipſe peritus
Munere, mille ſonos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram.
Doctus, Arionii meritò ſis nominis hæres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, ſi me genuiſſe poëtam,
Contigerit, charo ſi tam propè ſanguine juncti
Cognatas artes, ſtudiumque affine ſequamur?
Ipſe volens Phœbus ſe diſpertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu tamen ut ſimules teneras odiſſe Camœnas,
Non odiſſe reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget ſpes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, malè cuſtoditaque gentis
Jura, nec inſulſis damnas clamoribus aures.
Sed magis excultam cupiens diteſcere mentem.
Me procul urbano ſtrepitu, ſeceſſibus altis
Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ
Phœbæo lateri comitem ſinis ire beatum.

Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
Me poſcunt majora, tuo pater optime ſumptu
Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
Et Latii veneres, & quæ Jovis ora decebant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
Addere ſuaſiſti quos jactat Gallia flores,
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, barbaricos teſtatus voce tumultus,
Quæque Palæſtinus loquitur myſteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet cœlum, ſubjectaque cœlo
Terra parens, terræque & cœlo interfluus aër,
Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te noſſe licet, per te, ſi noſſe libebit.
Dimotáque venit ſpectanda ſcientia nube,
Nudaque conſpicuos inclinat ad oſcula vultus,
Ni fugiſſe velim, ni ſit libâſſe moleſtum.
I nunc, confer opes quiſquis maleſanus avitas
Auſtriaci gazas, Perüanaque regna præoptas.
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuiſſe, vel ipſe
Jupiter, excepto, donâſſet ut omnia, cœlo?
Non potiora dedit, quemvis & tuta fuiſſent,
Publica qui juveni commiſit lumina nato
Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna diei,
Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
Victrices hederas inter, lauroſque ſedebo,
Jamque nec obſcurus populo miſcebor inerti,
Vitabuntque oculos veſtigia noſtra profanos.
Eſte procul vigiles curæ, procul eſte querelæ,
Invidiæque acies tranſverſo tortilis hirquo,

Sæva

Sæva nec anguiferæ extende calumnia rictus;
In me triſte nihil fœdiſſima turba poteſtis,
Nec veſtri ſum juris ego; ſecuraque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar ſublimis ab ictu.
At tibi, chare pater, poſtquam non æqua merenti
Poſſe referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sit memorâſſe ſatis, repetitaque munera grato
Percenſere animo, fidæque reponere menti.
Et vos, O noſtri, juvenilia carmina, luſus,
Si modo perpetuos ſperare audebitis annos,
Et domini ſupereſſe rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec ſpiſſo rapient oblivia nigra ſub Orco,
Forſitan has laudes, decàntatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, ſero ſervabitis ævo.

PSAL. CXIV.

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παῖδις, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φῦλ' Ἰακώβου
Αἰγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπειχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον
Δὴ τότε μέγον ἴην ὅσιον γένος υἷες Ἰούδα.
Ἐν δὲ Θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.
Εἶδε καὶ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἐρρώησε θάλασσα
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὀδ' ἄρ' ἐσυφελίχθη
Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγήν.
Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρίσια κλονέοντο,
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντες ἐϋτραφιερῇ ἐν ἀλωῇ.
Βαιότεραι δ' ἅμα πᾶσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίφοι,
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.
Τίπτε σύγ' αἰνὰ θάλασσα φίλως φύγαδ' ἐρρώησας

Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥαθίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐγυφελίχθης
Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγήν;
Τίπτ' ὄρια σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντες ἐϋτραφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ;
Βαιοτέραι τί δ' ἄρ' ὑμμῖς ἀνασκιρτησατ' ἐρίπναι,
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;
Σείεο γαῖα τρέεσα Θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα
Γαῖα Θεὸν τρέεσ' ὕπατον σέβας Ἰσσακίδαο,
Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμὸν χέε μορμύροντας,
Κρήνητ' ἀενάων πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυοέσσης.

Philoſophus ad regem quendam, qui eum ignotum & inſontem inter reos forte captum inſciua damnaverat, τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος hæc ſubito miſit.

Ὦ ἄνα, εἰ ὀλέσῃς με τὸν ἔννομον, ἐδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
Δεινὸν ὅλως δράσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κάρηνον
Ῥηϊδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὖθι νοήσεις,
* Μᾶψ ἰδίως δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ἀδυρῇ,
Τοιὸν δ' ἐκ πόλιος περιώνυμον ἄλκαρ ὀλέσσας.

In effigiei ejus Sculptorem †.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα
Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφυὲς βλέπων.
Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν ἐκ ἐπιγνότες φίλοι
Γελᾶτε φαύλῃ δυσμίμητα ζωγράφῳ.

* Μὰψ αὖτως δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα χρόνῳ μάλα πολλὸν ὀδύρῃ
Τοιὸν δ' ἐκ πόλεως——Edit. 1645.

† Added in the Edition of 1673.

Ad

Ad Salſillum Poetam Romanum ægrotantem.

SCAZONTES.

O Muſa greſſum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes inceſſu,
Nec ſentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quàm cùm decentes flava Dëiope ſuras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,
Adeſdum & hæc s'is verba pauca Salſillo
Refer, Camœna noſtra cui tantum eſt cordi,
Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
Hæc ergò alumnus ille Londini Milto,
Diebus hiſce qui ſuum linquens nidum
Polique tractum, (peſſimus ubi ventorum,
In ſanientis impotenſque pulmonis
Pernix anhela ſub Jove exercet flabra)
Venit feraces Itali ſoli ad glebas,
Viſum ſuperbâ cognitas urbes famâ
Viroſque doctæque indolem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fauſta multa Salſille,
Habitumque feſſo corpori penitùs ſanum;
Cui nunc profunda bilis infeſtat renes,
Præcordiiſque fixa damnoſum ſpirat.
Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Leſbium condis melos.
O dulce divûm munus, O ſalus Hebes
Germana! Tuque Phœbe, morborum terror,
Pythone cæſo, ſive tu magis Pæan

Libenter

Libenter audis, hic tuus ſacerdos eſt.
Querceta Fauni, voſque rore vinoſo.
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri ſedes,
Siquid ſalubre vallibus frondet veſtris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
Sic illę charis redditus rursùm Muſis
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipſe inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclivis ſemper Ægeriam ſpectans.
Tumiduſque & ipſe Tibris hinc delinitus
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum:
Nec in ſepulchris ibit obſeſſum reges
Nimiùm ſiniſtro laxus irruens loro:
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
Aduſque curvi ſalſa regna Portumni.

MANSUS.

Joannes Baptiſta Manſus Marchio Villenſis, vir ingenii laude, tum litterarum ſtudio, nec non & bellica virtute apud Italos clarus in primis eſt. Ad quem Torquati Taſſi dialogus extat de Amicitia ſcriptus; erat enim Taſſi amiciſſimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus Geruſalemme conquiſtata, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è corteſi
Riſplende il Manſo——

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem ſummâ benevolentiâ proſecutus eſt, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hoſpes ille antequam ab ea urbe diſcederet, ut ne ingratum ſe oſtenderet, hoc carmen miſit.

HÆC quoque Manſe tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi Manſe choro notiſſime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo eſt dignatus honore,
Poſt Galli cineres, & Mæcenatis Hetruſci
Tu quoque, ſi noſtræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,
Victrices hederas inter, lauroſque ſedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Taſſo
Junxit, & æternis inſcripſit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inſcia Muſa Marinum
Tradidit, ille tuum dici ſe gaudet alumnum,
Dum canit Aſſyrios divûm prolixus amores;

Mollis

Mollis & Auſonias ſtupefecit carmine nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi ſoli debita vates
Oſſa tibi ſoli, ſupremaque vota reliquit.
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
Vidimus arridentem operoſo ex ære poetam.
Nec ſatis hoc viſum eſt in utrumque, & nec pia ceſſant
Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,
Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Amborum genus, & varia ſub ſorte peractam
Deſcribis vitam, moreſque, & dona Minervæ;
Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri,
Ergo ego te Cliûs & magni nomine Phœbi,
Manſe pater, jubeo longum ſalvere per ævum
Miſſus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aſpernabere Muſam,
Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita ſub Arcto
Imprudens Italas auſa eſt volitare per urbes.
Nos etiam in noſtro modulantes flumine cygnos
Credimus obſcuras noctis ſenſiſſe per umbras,
Quà Thameſis late puris argenteus urnis
Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
Quà plaga ſepteno mundi ſulcata Trione
Brumalem patitur longâ ſub nocte Boöten.
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
Flaventes ſpicas, & lutea mala caniſtris,
Halantemque crocum (perhibet niſi vana vetuſtas)
Miſimus, & lectas Druidum de gente choreas.

(Gens

(Gens Druides antiqua ſacris operata deorum
Heroüm laudes imitandaque geſta canebant)
Hinc quoties feſto cingunt altaria cantu
Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ
Carminibus lætis memorant Corinëida Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge,
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.
Fortunate ſenex, ergo quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Claraque perpetui ſuccreſcet fama Marini,
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plauſumque virorum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
Dicetur tum ſponte tuos habitaſſe penates
Cynthius, & famulas veniſſe ad limina Muſas:
At non ſponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit
Rura Pheretiadæ cœlo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille licet magnum Alciden ſuſceperat hoſpes;
Tantùm ubi clamoſos placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile manſueti ceſſit Chironis in antrum,
Irriguos inter ſaltus frondoſaque tecta
Peneïum prope rivum: ibi ſæpe ſub ilice nigrâ
Ad cytheræ ſtrepitum blandâ prece victus amici
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa ſuo, barathro nec fixa ſub imo
Saxa ſtetere loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec ſentit ſolitas, immania pondera, ſylvas,
Emotæque ſuis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculoſi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte ſenex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Naſcentem, & miti luſtrarit lumine Phœbus,

Atlantiſque nepos; neque enim niſi charus ab ortu
Diis ſuperis poterit magno faviſſe poetæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lento ſub flore ſenectus
Vernat, & Æſonios lucratur vivida fuſos,
Nondum deciduos ſervans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, & adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi ſi mea ſors talem concedat amicum
Phœbæos decoraſſe viros qui tam bene nôrit,
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturumque etiam ſub terris bella moventem;
Aut dicam invictæ ſociali fœdere menſæ
Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo ſpiritus adſit)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum ſub Marte phalanges.
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permenſus tempora vitæ,
Annorumque fatur cineri ſua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis aſtaret ocellis,
Aſtanti ſat erit ſi dicam ſim tibi curæ;
Ille meos artus liventi morte ſolutos
Curaret parva componi molliter urna.
Forſitan & noſtros ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnaſſide lauri
Fronde comas, at ego ſecura pace quieſcam.
Tum quoque, ſi qua fides, ſi præmia certa bonorum,
Ipſe ego cælicolûm ſemotus in æthera divûm,
Quò labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo
Quantum fata ſinunt) & tota mente ſerenùm
Ridens purpureo ſuffundar lumine vultus,
Et ſimul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITA-

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrſis & Damon ejuſdem viciniæ paſtores, eadem ſtudia ſequuti à pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrſis animi causâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum poſtea reverſus, & rem ita eſſe * comperto, ſe, ſuamque ſolitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem ſub perſonâ hîc intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clariſſimiſque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

HIMERIDES nymphæ (nam vos & Daphnin & Hylan,
Et plorata diu meminiſtis fata Bionis)
Dicite Sicelicum Thameſina per oppida carmen:
Quas miſer effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrſis,
Et quibus aſſiduis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fonteſque vagos, nemorumque receſſus,
Dum ſibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem loca ſola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi ſurgebat culmus ariſta,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea meſſes,
Ex quo ſumma dies tulerat Damona ſub umbras,

* comperiens Edit. Fenton.

Nec

Nec dum aderat Thyrſis; paſtorem ſcilicet illum
Dulcis amor Muſæ Thuſca retinebat in urbe.
Aſt ubi mens explete domum, pecoriſque relicti
Cura vocat, ſimul aſſuetâ ſeditque ſub ulmo,
Tum verò amiſſum tum denique ſentit amicum,
Cœpit & immenſum ſic exonerare dolorem.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
Poſtquam te immiti rapuerunt funere Damon!
Siccine nos linquis, tua ſic ſine nomine virtus
Ibit, & obſcuris numero ſociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
Iſta velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne ſilentum.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè niſi me lupus antè videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere ſepulchro,
Conſtabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
Inter paſtores: Illi tibi vota ſecundo
Solvere poſt Daphnin, poſt Daphnin dicere laudes
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:
Si quid id eſt, priſcamque fidem coluiſſe, piùmque,
Palladiáſque artes, ſociúmque habuiſſe canorum.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia Damon,
At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu ſæpe ſolebas
Frigoribus duris, & per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido ſub ſole, ſiti morientibus herbis?
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,

Aut

Aut avidos terrere lupos præſepibus altis;
Quis fando ſopire diem, cantuque ſolebit?
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm ſibilat igni
Molle pyrum, & nucibus ſtrepitat focus, at malus auſter
Miſcet cuncta foris, & deſuper intonat ulmo?
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Aut æſtate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Pan æſculeâ ſomnum capit abditus umbrâ,
Et repetunt ſub aquis ſibi nota ſedilia nymphæ,
Paſtoreſque latent, ſtertit ſub ſepe colonus,
Quis mihi blanditiáſque tuas, quis tum mihi riſus,
Cecropioſque ſales referet, cultoſque lepores?
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam ſolus agros, jam paſcua ſolus oberro,
Sicubi ramoſæ denſantur vallibus umbræ,
Hic ſerum expecto, ſupra caput imber & Eurus
Triſte ſonant, fractæque agitata crepuſcula ſylvæ.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, & ipſa ſitu ſeges alta fatiſcit!
Innuba neglecto marceſcit & uva racemo,
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque ſuum convertunt ora magiſtrum.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphiſibœus ad ornos,
Ad ſalices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,
Hîc gelidi fontes, hîc illita gramina muſco,

Hîc Zephyri, hîc placidas interſtrepit arbutus undas;
Iſta canunt ſurdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopſus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat,
(Et callebat avium linguas, & ſidera Mopſus)
Thyrſi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè faſcinat aſtrum,
Saturni grave ſæpe fuit paſtoribus aſtrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, & quid te Thyrſi futurum eſt?
Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc ſolet eſſe juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultuſque ſeveri,
Illa choros, luſuſque leves, & ſemper amorem
Jure petit, bis ille miſer qui ſerus amavit.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, & filia Baucidis Ægle
Docta modos, citharæque ſciens, ſed perdita faſtu,
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me ſolantia verba,
Nil me, ſi quid adeſt, movet, aut ſpes ulla futuri.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi quam ſimiles ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi ſecum ſibi lege ſodales,
Nec magis hunc alio quiſquam ſecernit amicum
De grege, ſi denſi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirſuti paribus junguntur onagri:
Lex eadem pelagi, deſerto in littore Proteus
Agmina phocarum numerat, viliſque volucrum
Paſſer habet ſemper quicum ſit, & omnia circum

Farra

Farra libens volitet, ſerò ſua tecta reviſens,
Quem ſi ſors letho objecit, ſua milvus adunco
Fata tulit roſtro, ſeu ſtravit arundine foſſor,
Protinus ille alium ſocio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis
Gens homines aliena animis, & pectore diſcors,
Vix ſibi quiſque parem de millibus invenit unum,
Aut ſi ſors dederit tandem non aſpera votis,
Illum inopina dies quâ non ſperaveris horâ
Surripit, æternum linquens in ſæcula damnum.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivoſam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidiſſe ſepultam,
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viſeret olim,
Tityrus ipſe ſuas & oves & rura reliquit;)
Ut te tam dulci poſſem caruiſſe ſodale,
Poſſem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot ſylvas, tot ſaxa tibi, fluvioſque ſonantes!
Ah certè extremùm lieniſſet tangere dextram,
Et bene compoſitos placidè morientis ocellos,
Et dixiſſe vale, noſtri memor ibis ad aſtra.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam veſtri nunquam meminiſſe pigebit,
Paſtores Thuſci, Muſis operata juventus,
Hic Charis, atque Lepos; & Thuſcus tu quoque Damon,
Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum ſtratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc ſummas carpere myrtos,

Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.
Ipſe etiam tentare auſus ſum, nec puto multùm
Diſplicui, nam ſunt & apud me munera veſtra
Fiſcellæ, calathique, & cerea vincla cicutæ,
Quin & noſtra ſuas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo
Et ſtudiis noti, Lydorum ſanguinis ambo.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roſcida luna,
Dum ſolus teneros claudebam Cratibus hœdos.
Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios ſibi quod ſit in uſus!
Et quæ tum facili ſperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, & præſentia finxi,
Heus bone numquid agis? niſi te quid forte retardat,
Imus? & argutâ paulùm recubamus in umbrâ,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Caſſibelauni?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, ſuccos,
Helleborúmque, humiléſque crocos, foliúmque hyacinthi,
Quaſque habet iſta palus herbas, arteſque medentûm.
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant arteſque medentûm,
Gramina, poſtquam ipſi nil profecere magiſtro.
Ipſe etiam, nam neſcio quid mihi grande ſonabat
Fiſtula, ab undecimâ jam lux eſt altera nocte,
Et tum forte novis admôram labra cicutis,
Diſſiluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere ſonos, dubito quoque ne ſim
Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite ſylvæ.

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipſe ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, & Pandraſidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
Brennúmque Arvigarúmque duces, priſcúmque Belinum,
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum ſub lege colonos; 165
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögernen,
Mendaces vultus, aſſumptaque Gorlöis arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum ſi vita ſuperſit,
Tu procul annoſa pendebis fiſtula pinu
Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata Camœnis 170
Brittonicum ſtrides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni
Non ſperâſſe uni licet omnia, mi ſatis ampla
Merces, & mihi grande decus (ſim ignotus in ævum
Tum licet, externo penituſque inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat Uſa, & potor Alauni, 175
Vorticibuſque frequens Abra, & nemus omne Treantæ,
Et Thameſis meus ante omnes, & fuſca metallis
Tamara, & extremis me diſcant Orcades undis.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi ſervabam lentâ ſub cortice lauri, 180
Hæc, & plura ſimul, tum quæ mihi pocula Manſus,
Manſus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipſe,
Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:
In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver, 185
Littora longa Arabum, & ſudantes balſama ſylvæ,
Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris
Cœruleûm fulgens diverſicoloribus alis
Auroram vitreis ſurgentem reſpicit undis.

Parte alia polus omnipatens, & magnus Olympus,
Quis putet? hic quoque Amor pictæque in nube pharetræ,
Arma coruſca faces, & ſpicula tincta pyropo;
Nec tenues animas, pectúſque ignobile vulgi
Hinc ferit, at circùm flammantia lumina torquens
Semper in erectum ſpargit ſua tela per orbes
Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus
Hinc mentes ardere ſacræ, formæque deorum.
Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit ſpes lubrica, Damon,
Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret,
Sanctáque ſimplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?
Nec te Lethæo fas quæſiviſſe ſub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà,
Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
Heroúmque animas inter, divóſque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices & gaudia potat
Ore ſacro. Quin tu cœli poſt jura recepta
Dexter ades, placidúſque fave quicunque vocaris,
Seu tu noſter eris Damon, ſive æquior audis
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Cœlicolæ nôrint, ſylviſque vocabere Damon.
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, & ſine labe juventus
Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei ſervantur honores;
Ipſe caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
Lætáque frondentis geſtans umbracula palmæ
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
Cantus ubi, choreiſque furit lyra miſta beatis,
Fiſta Sionæo bacchantur & Orgia thyrſo.

Jam

Jan. 23, 1646.

AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM,
Oxoniensis Academiæ Bibliothecarium.

De libro Poematum amiſſo, quem ille ſibi denuo mitti poſtulabat, ut cum aliis noſtris in Bibliotheca publica reponeret, Ode.

Strophe 1.

GEMELLE cultu ſimplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ,
Munditiéque nitens non operosâ,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii poetæ;
Dum vagus Auſonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britanniça per vireta luſit
Inſons populi, barbitóque devius
Indulſit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pede;

Antiſtrophe.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cum tu miſſus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obſecrante amico,
Illuſtre tendebas iter
Thameſis ad incunabula
Cœrulei patris,

Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, thyaſuſque ſacer
Orbi notus per immenſos
Temporum lapſus redeunte cœlo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum;

Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo
Priſtinam gentis miſeratus indolem
(Si ſatis noxas luimus priores,
Mollique luxu degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet ſtudia ſanctus,
Et relegatas ſine ſede Muſas
Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm;
Immundaſque volucres
Unguibus imminentes
Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
Phinéamque abigat peſtem procul amne Pegaſéo.

Antiſtrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ
Fide, vel oſcitantiâ
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat ſpecus.
Seu qua te latebra, forſan unde vili
Callo teréris inſtitoris inſulſi,
Lætare felix, en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget poſſe profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique ſuperam
In Jovis aulam remige pennâ;

Stropl

Strophe 3.

Nam te Roüſius ſui
Optat peculî, numeróque juſto
Sibi pollicitum queritur abeſſe,
Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta
Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ:
Téque adytis etiam ſacris
Voluit reponi, quibus & ipſe præſidet
Æternorum operum cuſtos fidelis,
Quæſtorque gazæ nobilioris,
Quàm cui præfuit Iön
Clarus Erechtheides
Opulenta dei per templa parentis
Fulvoſque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
Ion Actæâ genitus Creûsâ.

Antiſtrophe.

Ergo tu viſere lucos
Muſarum ibis amœnos,
Diamque Phœbi rurſus ibis in domum,
Oxoniâ quam valle colit
Delo poſthabitâ,
Bifidòque Parnaſſi jugo:
Ibis honeſtus,
Poſtquam egregiam tu quoque ſortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece ſollicitatus amici.
Illic legéris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graiæ ſimul & Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina, & verum decus.

Epodos.

Ad CHRISTINAM Suecorum Reginam nomine Cromwelli *.

BEllipotens Virgo, ſeptem Regina Triónum,
Chriſtina, Arctoï lucida ſtella poli,
Cernis quas merui dura ſub caſſide rugas,
Utque ſenex armis impiger ora tero;
Invia fatorum dum per veſtigia nitor,
Exequor et populi fortia juſſa manu.
Aſt tibi ſubmittit frontem reverentior umbra;
Nec ſunt hi vultus Regibus uſque truces.

TRANSLATION, from TOLAND's Life of MILTON.

BRIGHT martial maid, queen of the frozen zone,
The northern pole ſupports thy ſhining throne;
Behold what furrows age and ſteel can plow,
The helmet's weight oppreſs'd this wrinkled brow.
Through fate's untrodden paths I move, my hands
Still act my free-born people's bold commands;
Yet this ſtern ſhade to you ſubmits his frowns,
Nor are theſe looks always ſevere to crowns.

* Theſe verſes were ſent to Chriſtina Queen of Sweden with Cromwell's picture, and are by ſome aſcribed to Andrew Marvel, as by others to Milton: but I ſhould rather think they were Milton's, being more within his province as Latin Secretary.

A FRAG-

A FRAGMENT, from the Italian;

Addreſſed to a young Lady, at Florence, who did not underſtand Engliſh.

WHEN, in your language, I, unſkill'd, addreſs
The ſhort-pac'd efforts of a trammel'd Muſe;
Soft Italy's fair critics round Me preſs,
And my miſtaking paſſion thus accuſe.

Why, to our tongue's diſgrace, does thy dumb love
Strive, in rough ſound, ſoft meaning to impart?
He muſt ſelect his words who ſpeaks to move,
And point his purpoſe at the hearer's heart.

Then laughing they repeat my languid lays
Nymphs of thy native clime, perhaps—they cry,
For whom thou haſt a tongue, may feel thy praiſe;
But we muſt underſtand ere we comply!

Do thou, my ſoul's ſoft hope, theſe triflers awe!
Tell them, 'tis nothing, how, or what, I write;
Since love from ſilent looks can language draw,
And ſcorns the lame impertinence of wit.

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